

DISCORDER

that bicycling everywhere magazine from citr 101.9 fm

May 2001

Free



Jerk With A Bomb

Keiji Haino

Aiko Shimada

Frankie Sparo

Of Montreal

Plus... Pinup Centerfold Photo Essay

2001 **PUNK O RAMA** TOUR

**GUTTERMOUTH
U.S. BOMBS
UNION 13
DEVIATES**



JUNE 10 at the GRANDVIEW LEGION



skateboard



the BOUNCING SOULS

new
album
out
now

the BOUNCING SOULS
HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

www.bouncingseuls.com www.epitaph.com

A black and white photograph showing the silhouettes of the four members of the band Bouncing Souls standing against a light background. The band's name 'the BOUNCING SOULS' is written in a large, stylized font above them. To the right, text announces a new album 'HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION'. At the bottom, the band's website and Epitaph's website are listed. The background features a stylized sunburst graphic and a small Epitaph logo.

DISCORDER

ISSUE 217 • MAY 2001 • THAT BICYCLING MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



features

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april erroratum:
oops we printed the wrong
email address for the band
mink. it should have read
<mailto:kayla@home.com>

COVER

"this month we're going to get all the layouts done
by monday so we can have a three-day
production," someone said at the disorder
production meeting. ha ha ha. that is so very
amusing, when you writes don't hand their articles
in until two weeks after the deadline, things go
a wee bit differently, julio colero. i am talking to you,
her jerk with a bomb article is on page 11. this is a
picture of josh from that band. or part of him,
anyway. photo by chris frey, design by lofi k.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the June issue is May 16th. Ad space is available until May 23rd and can be booked by calling Maren at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send e-mail to DISCORDER at disorder@ubc.ams.ubc.ca.

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SONAR

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Events at a glance:

THU MAY 3 Nordic Trax & Bruce Present
LAZY DOG

For one night only you can check the sweet vibes of London's Lazy Dog, courtesy of Ben Watt (Everything But The Girl) and Jay Hannan, plus Luke McKeahan & Todd Omotani Doors 9pm/\$25/Advance tx \$20 available @ Sonar, Bruce, Boomtown, Bassix, Zulu, and Futuristic Flavour

FRI MAY 4 **pharyxide** Presents

DI SWAMP @ CROSSFADE FRIDAYS

Beck's DJ - 1996 US DMC Champion plus KUTFATHER (Seattle, WA) 9pm /\$10 door only

SAT MAY 5 Nordic Trax & ***MODERNGROOVE** present

LAZY TRANSMISSIONS RELEASE PARTY

Lazy Transmissions is the latest compilation from Vancouver's premier houselabel, Nordic Trax. The CD was lovingly compiled and mixed by label owner and INSIDE resident Luke McKeahan. Plus deejays Dickey Doo, Todd Omotani, Dana D and Clarence in RM 2. Doors 9pm /\$10 door only

MON MAY 7 Dream & 2 Guerilla Present

WAGON CHRIST aka LUKE VIBERT (NinjaTune)

Doors 9pm/\$15/Advance tx \$12 available at Sonar, Bassix, Boomtown, Zulu and Futuristic Flavour

THU MAY 10 Women In Music & ***MODERNGROOVE** present

ELLECTRICITY

An assortment of digital dames are set to remind Vancouver of it's home-spun talent when Women In Music and moderngroove join forces in the presentation of Ellectricity. Follows New Music West (7-10pm). Cover \$8

FRI MAY 11

New Music West, Pharyxide & Spectrum Ent. Present

HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOLS @ CROSSFADE feat. PRINCE PAUL, DAN THE AUTOMATOR & special guest A-TRAK

\$20 door / limited number of \$15 advance tickets Futuristic Flavour - 1020 Granville

SAT MAY 12 ***MODERNGROOVE** presents

BOMBAY 01 RELEASE PARTY @ INSIDE

feat Nav Bhinder & Patrick Dream plus Dickey Doo, Luke McKeahan, Todd Omotani & Dana D. Doors 9pm /\$10 door only

TUE MAY 15 Timber Productions presents

AUTECHRE

Doors 9pm/\$20 Advance tickets at Bassix, Black Swan, Highlife, Noize, Scratch, Zulu and Sonar

THU MAY 17 **pharyxide** Presents

DYNAMO PRODUCTIONS @ CROSSFADE FRIDAYS feat. ANDY SMITH (Portishead) & SCOTT HENDY (Purple Penguin) plus SOULICAL DJ's Key & Sipreano. Doors 9pm Cover tbc

SUN MAY 20

SAUL WILLIAMS doors 8pm/cover tbc

THU MAY 24

MINT ROYALE + ORGANIC AUDIO doors 9pm/cover tbc

THU MAY 31 Fresh Air 96.1FM presents

The FLO SPORT Fashion Show: Clothing for your trip...

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SAT MAY 26 **DARRELL WOODSON @ INSIDE** MON JUN 4 **ERIC TRUFFAZ** (Blue Note)

TUE JUN 12 **BLOOD & FIRE SOUND SYSTEM** MON JUN 25 **GILLES PETERSON & CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA** SUN JUL 1 **SONAR 4-YEAR ANNIVERSARY W/ VERY SPECIAL GUEST**

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BADLY DRAWN BOY
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COMMODORE BALLROOM

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The LIVING END
with special guests
TSUNAMI BOMB
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STARFISH ROOM

MAY 17
Stereophonics
Tickets also at Zulu and Noize
COMMODORE BALLROOM

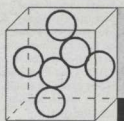
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culture shock

anthony monday:kuwaiti correspondent

This article is dedicated to the greatest budge that ever was: Killer. Allah rest his little yellow soul. He has flown to the great birdcage in the sky and left us all behind, weeping and metaphor-less.

It was probably a good thing, anyway, as I was recently having murderous thoughts about the little ball of autism. The sheer dullness of his existence (and his habit of shitting on my walls when he finally decided to leave his cage) left me with fantasies of "Budge On Toast." Last week, I reached the point where I thought it would be best to give him up to a family I knew that owned other brightly-coloured birds. I thought it better he was happier there than nervous and depressed in my lonely apartment.

Apparently the excitement was too much. Released into the aviary, he flattered frantically, flapping and swooping. His new-found friends joined him and they danced the dance of happy birds, at which point,

Killer had a massive coronary and dropped out of the sky, nose-diving into death.

Now, this can be interpreted—as metaphor—two ways: Firstly, when I, the human incarnation of Killer, am finally released from this boring bourgeois exile, I will go fluttering madly back to Vancouver and the gay men and sleazy barstars. I will be so excited, overindulging in every aspect of that superficial culture, that while dancing the dance of the "clubbed to boredom" I will suddenly drop dead from too much stimulation. A second interpretation could be that I am safer and happier in this hole of an apartment, where the desert is the colour of my life, and I should stay, safe and speechless, inside.

Either way, I am screwed. And I'm saddened that, even in death, Killer acts as a metaphor for my life. God rest his feathers. I shall miss him and his nervous sideways glances.

Anyway, I cannot rest in mournful oblivion and must

strive onwards. This month's topic is "The Bourgeois Life I Lead" or "How Kuwait Made Me Less Open-Minded." Money does that sort of thing, you know. However, you would not know that, dear reader, being the poverty-stricken "alternative" degenerates that you are. I don't know why I write you. The burden of educating you is too much to bear sometimes.

I have become part of the elite, you see. I have every right to snub you and your culture. I have moved upward, following my hidden consumer desires. I have licked the cum-coated fingers of the class system, and they have repaid me with the exulted, the desired, the coveted Very Expensive Gym Membership. I work out three times a week at none other than the Holiday Inn.

There was really no choice. There is really very little else to do in Kuwait. Oh sure, I could go to a mall, but we know what happens when I go there, and I can't take too many sexual frus-

tration. Yes, sure, I could go see an edited film with all the Islamic ideals bleeped or cut out. (The latest James Bond movie was only 45 minutes long. That included trailers. I don't know why they bother.) Or I could, I suppose, watch TV, but the only channel I get seems to be a continuous loop of sports fishing programs. In Arabic. And, funnily enough, staring at the walls and trying to come up with creative por-

Thankfully, I fell over and the nasty bump to the forehead seemed to jolt me back to sanity. I don't know how much I can take, though. I find myself not even blinking when I see a completely covered woman walk behind her husband. I merely think, my, what a lovely shapeless dress she has. I forget to cringe when I see the abused 15-year-old Asian maids. I forget to thank the Bengali woman who cleans my classroom when



NITTY NITTY 18 VOL 18003

jects for passing the time has lost its charm.

And now that Killer has left me all alone, I don't even have anyone/anything to talk to. Joining the gym just seemed to be the next logical step in an endless series of logical steps pushing towards everything I hate. I caught myself thinking, "Destiny's Child really says 'Independent Women.' You go, girls, I thought to myself...no, you put the two extra 'R's' in Grrrl.

she offers to make me tea. I forget to make eye contact with the elderly under-paid street workers. I forget to get angry when a Kuwaiti will have any non-Kuwaiti deported for the slightest infringement. How, by law, only a Kuwaiti man can own land and businesses, and how despite the three Jaguars and four Mercedes in his driveway, he will still only pay his driver \$100 a month. And those are the lucky ones.

and sloppy. Like a lot of angry high school zines that I have seen so many times before, except that this has much less substance. I hate to give negative reviews, and while I think it is great that the editor has been creating, I found I learned very little and was charmed even less. Issue #2 has a bit more filler and some strange letters from televangelist Benny Hinn's website and some promising creative fiction. Hey, maybe I'm not punk enough to get it, eh? (Send a buck to Morgan Wray at 4257 Grange Road, Victoria, BC V8Z 4V9)

A thoughtful individual slipped *SHORT, FAST + LOUD* in the RPT box recently. This newspaper letter-sized zine is all hardcore, back to front, with articles from self-important ranters and, of course, interviews with bands. The zine has also, somehow incredibly, conjured up the idea of top 10 lists! The idea that the magazine contributors get to list their favorite albums of the last year? How about this: a pretty penny to copy with every page a colour-coded montage with occasional minimalist type. *Gurgle Ped Rellow Breen* is either a masterful work of outsider art or just wacky cut and paste mayhem. I offer it to you. (Write and send stuff to Amy Honey at 179 W 18th Avenue, Vancouver, BC V5Y 2A6)

Bad Haircut, on the other hand, is black and white, short

Michelle Cross delivers a fat article about coming of age in an indie-cord kind of way in Kamloops. She discovered zines at an early age and started one up herself, broadening into the talented college upstart she is today. One of Michelle's mentors was some weirdo named Bleek who, according to the article, stirred "cultural change" in the small town of Merritt, BC. *Breen Penel* continues to consolidate and highlight the independent press in Canada through a great letters section, excerpts of several zines, comics and chapbooks, and loads of zine reviews. (PO Box 203, Station F, Toronto, ON M5S 2S7 or www.brokenpen.ca/com)

A couple of incomprehensible zines that have made it to the mailbox here are *DISORDER* and *GURGLE PED RELLOW BREEN* by Amy Honey and *BAD HAIRCUT* by Morgan Wray. It must have cost Ms. Honey a pretty penny to copy with every page a colour-coded montage with occasional minimalist type. *Gurgle Ped Rellow Breen* is either a masterful work of outsider art or just wacky cut and paste mayhem. I offer it to you.

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Why make a zine? Not talking magazine here, I'm asking why some people feel the need to create something which reaches the bare minimum of readers, costs much more to produce than we ever see in return, and which often alienates most of the world's population? Why? I imagine that the answer is different for many zinesters. For the poet it may be the overwhelming desire to create art, to take an intangible thought and put it to hard copy, sharing a moment in time, a fragment of beauty and stillness in a society beset in information overload. Or perhaps you are the cartoonist that has great ideas but no publisher and no desire to struggle for the rest of your life to merely see something of yours in print. There's the revolutionary who wants to convey a message or ideology but knows that most magazine editors won't dare print anything too controversial. If you are a music fanzine publisher, you may be doing it to keep receiving those great complimentary

giveaways. All the zinesters have an ambition that keeps things going but almost all of them wish to connect with someone else out there. Otherwise why do it at all? You stick the thing in the photocopyer 'cause you want your privacy? No, you want somebody to read your funky piece of shit and be influenced in some way. It's some sort of human psychology that I'll leave to the experts, but it happens over and over again.

So how do you get the message out about your zine? Reviews are one good way to do that, and the Canadian reviewer called *BROKEN PENCIL* is currently available at better magazine racks in real cities. Issue #15 focuses on small town editors who have shaken things up in their communities and inspired newcomers, bands, and a little healthy rebellion. In Stratford, Ontario Chris Rickett produces a newsletter that strikes fear in the hearts of the locals. No small feat, kids. *Filler's* Dave

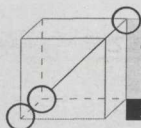
Fisher interviews and photographs this busy freak who has town officials up in arms and locals amused or indignant. Please observe the applause

man with broken leg

issue 4



light Saskatchewan writer Cliff Burns offers a short article: rural survival in North Battleford. Mecca Normal's Jean Smith visits old friend Chris Lowther, now living in Tofino, BC. The two used to make zines in Vancouver during the mid '80s. Jean's *Smartened Up* became the label she released her first record on. Chris edited *Cheeky Rebel* but then bit on now an activist.



7 inch

julie colero

A closet full of music and nothing to hear! I'm exploring new options this month, many of which I'd hoped were purged from my system (British popular music, most notably), but I'm still searching for that perfect tune to throw on the stereo. Amazingly enough (though not so surprising for those of us who know and love the band), the cream of the litter comes from our very own Van City, and so I will first and foremost give high props and an overly-enthusiastic review to our very own... **EVAPORATORS!**

This new single was a long time coming but worth the wait. Nothing brings a smile to your face faster than throwing on an Evaporators record... unless maybe it's attending a live performance! Nardwuar and his cohort return in fine style on "Honk the Horn," offering up four catchy songs and one juicy interview tidbit. The songs are stellar, as always, all of them Evaporators originals, and all instant hits in the "sing along" category. "Honk the Horn" would be perfect for

any summer cruisin' mix tape. The interview snippet with **Tommy Lee** really sent me, as I've got this dreadful weakness for the scrappy, zitty, bad-haired metallic drummer. His motor-boat escapades are known to many, but it took a real man (Mr. Nardwuar himself) to tease the beebies out of Tommy about it. The Human Serviette can bring 'em all to their knees! (Mini, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6)

On to our fairly good fodder, not as hot but thankfully warm enough: **CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS** is all about the Francophone good times. I'm constantly thankful that I'm partially in the know when it comes to French, German, and Dutch, because that knowledge always offers up a few more bands I can sing along to with some cue. Cecilia's got a sexy voice (accentuated by the foreign mystique), and her backing band knows what's doing with the '60s garage rock sound. The band even goes so far as to add in a little bit of sitar flavour to the second track, "Viens me Vampiriser." Yeah! If you got off

on any of that April March stuff, when she was fooling in French and with **The Makers**, get on this; ditto if you're down



with **The Heatcoates**. It's good. (Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030 USA)

Two Ubiquity singles that rub me indifferently are **THE JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET** and **JAMES COMBS** releases. I am not much of a jazz fan, and that whole jazz fusion thing does not a thing for me. Bah. But, being optimistic and open-

minded, I'll say this: if people are down with all the **Medecki**, **Martin** and **Wood** weed-smokin' new jazz vibes, they'd better like this **James Taylor Quartet** thing. Why not? The band is funky fresh, with good beats and strong keys on "Chalk Pie" and big speedy bass and crazy flute action on "Tough Chicken." The latter is very 70s, which I guess is what the people want out of all of this stuff. The **James Combs** single troubles me, as it seems someone has led this man astray.

With a nice **Nick Drake** voice (all the rage these days), the man might have an inch or twelve of potential.

Unfortunately, someone helped him on his way down by encouraging a cover of "Happy Together" in that ever-happening trip-hop style! Pardon me if my appreciation of the song was marred by its use in cereal advertising during my youth, but I'm really not keen on this. The b-side, a remix of his song "Strange Intervention," isn't half bad, but really might only be about 52% good. All the elements of a synth-dance-funk-fest are present, but I'm just not feeling it. (Ubiquity, PO Box 192104, San Francisco, CA 94119 USA)

Let's look at more good stuff, how about. Here's where my instinct is telling me "no!" but I'm enjoying it anyways:

BADLY DRAWN BOY'S "Once Around the Block" single. Hype aside, I'm praising the Boy for the same sort of thing. This single is very good. Sure, I never paid attention to the dude until I saw his clever video on TV, but it can't be helped if I fit into the easily-herded consumer public every now and again. But on to the music. There are two excellent pop songs on this single, and one very nice instrumental with a twangy, **Morricone**-western feel to it. Both pop songs are on the full-length album, but "The Shining," on the flip, is a remix of sorts. BDB's sweet acoustic tune has had a haphazard beat thrown under it and some weird sound washes and distortions thrown atop. If you've never heard the original, you'll love it. Check this. (XL Recordings, find it in stores or on the net at www.xl-recordings.com)

HEINER's another who grates on the nerves of some and endears itself instantly to others. After a bit of effort, I've come to appreciate Heiner's skewed lyrics and nasal voice. On a split single with **MURRAY THE HUMP** (joke-band or real?), "Half a Life" is a beautiful song thinking some higher power for giving him his sweetie. Hit me with the mush and I'm all about it. Damn. The **Murray the Hump** song, "The House that Used to be a Ship," is a very upbeat pop song filled

with funny, nonsensical lyrics and cute bubble noises. Just what everyone wants, no? It's like you're in a submarine with **The Beatles**, but you're not really. Heh. (Too Pure, again, ought to be easily attainable. If not, go to their website at www.toopure.com)

Not done, but nearly. **THE MOONBABIES** are wussy, but maybe in a good way. If their four-song single was a two-song single, I might like them quite a bit. The trouble with this band, a four-piece with Scandinavian names but no liner notes, is that it just doesn't rock out enough. Hints at the end of "Slowmomo" show the band's potential for a bit of dynamic exploration, but most of what we get on this release is a meandering, soft, fairly harmonious pop outing. It's good, but not remarkable stuff. (Duckweed Records, 2442 NW Market St. #354, Seattle, WA 98107 USA)

Ah... out of time as **Guided By Voices** hits the turntable, and thankful for it. As much as **Pollard** turns people's cranks, he don't do mine. "Chasing Heather Crazy" is better than anything off the last album, but I'm afraid I can't comment on the elusive b-side, as it's hellawarped and made my mom's record player start freakin' out. Seeing as how I don't want to destroy a second parental player, I will call this column quitsville. •

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6 MAY 2001

photo: diana shugart

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MAY 2001

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REGINA, SK

CALGARY, AB

MAY 6
CALGARY, AB

EDMONTON, AB

KELOWNA, B.C.

MAY 10
VICTORIA, B.C.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Lowest of the Low not appearing

Available from The Weakerthans



Watermark



Left & Leaving



Haloojienia



Shakespeare My Butt



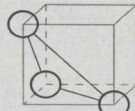
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kill your boyfriend

comic reviews : robin

DOUG SLACK Slacker

(Slave Labor Press)
Am I the only one who finds it kind of depressing listening to XFM repackaged and re-saturate our lives with the music of my adolescence? (Here I was trying to forget my grunge years.) We're quite fortunate to have Doug Slack, or no one would ever know that my generation had any sense of humour. SLACKER was one of the first comics I got into before my comic addition became full blown. It was alternative, and I could totally relate to it. It was my new Archie. (Yes, Archie. I liked the dynamics. I liked the goofiness. I liked the simplicity. But you know, I could never relate. My life wasn't even remotely close to that of the citizens of Riverdale.) Randy and his crew on the other hand were all too familiar. The series started in '93 and spanned 18 issues. It was the tale of Randy the angry little grunge puppy, his buddy Wak, Hotdog, Mitch, and the cute goth girl next door, Patricia. Every so often you're treated to some Doug Slack interludes, like how, while Slack was working on Slacker #1, Kurt Cobain had the nerve to die. Or how the issues

were always late because of his demanding cat. He also features two ushers who won't stop arguing over who would win in a fight, a monkey or a chicken, and of course tons of tales of jobs gone horribly wrong.

Randy was my teen dream: "He's the youth of the '90s, angry, raw, and grungy. Ouch, just looking at him you can feel the rage." "I haven't showered in a week, do I smell like teen spirit?" "Posers!" spits Randy. He was in love, but she ran off with his best friend and turned him into a cold, bitter shell of a man who "was into 'them' long before they sold out!"

Slack's parody of early-'90s youth culture is valuable because it recognizes the absurdity of it all. For example, Patricia likes **They Might Be Giants**. Randy thinks "They Might Be Posers." After suffering through "Particle Man," he sobs. He loses it, yelling "Must purge my head of this happy shit! I need to hear something angry!" then "Head like a Hole" explodes through the panel. The series progressed nicely until the end—except that there was no end. Issue #19 was to be the final grand issue, but it never saw the light of day. So annoying, 'cause there was a lot of stuff going on in those pages. Randy

was failing. Patricia and Randy were embroiled in a torrid love affair. Insecure and innocent—you remember teen love. What else? Mitch went wigger. Randy forsook the flannel jeans—embarrassing for a more hard core goth look. Black, black, black, he was. Randy the post-punk industrial little skinny puppy." But he was still Randy.

All this was my life. I glared. I stomped, I bemoaned. I was completely misunderstood and full of rage. This was my teen comic. The art is functional but full of character. People literally jump off the page. It's simple and distinctive, but you recognize these guys. You went to school with them. You got drunk, skipped school, hung out at the mall, and went out with some of them. To this day I will never forget how excited I was when after months and months of searching I found issue #7, the all-important "when Randy and Patricia first make out" issue. I cheered, I jumped for joy. I was far too excited. Randy will always hold a place near and dear to me. *Slacker* was one of the first alternative comics I read that was aimed directly at me. I laughed, I cried, and I just had to share. *



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THE EVAPORATORS "Honk the Horn" 7" 4 songs plus an interview schrippt: Hardwar Vs. Tommy Lee (a Nordwar/Mint co-release)
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NEW TOWN ANIMALS s/t 7" their Mint debut

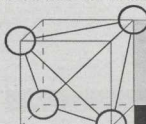
THE SMUGGLERS NEW TOWN ANIMALS Duotang

Carolyn Mark

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PICCADILLY PUB



vancouver special

janis kenzie

Something strange has happened this month—Vancouver Special has been delayed by non-Vancouver CDs. Blame New Music West, but my desk is buried, and it's time to clear out some of these interlopers.

From somewhere in Alberta, there's **RAYOVAQ**, who play slow, pretty, and mopey indiepop with girl vocals on this 5-song EP, *Tendency to Sway*. Find out more about them at www.rayovaq.com or www.catch-and-release.org.

SILVERSCENE, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, score points for knowing when not to use an apostrophe (their CD is called *The Pendulum Demos*, from P-Noize Records, www.silver-scene.com), for playing a more energetic brand of gig-fronted, sweet, quirky indiepop that sometimes crosses into swirly rock territory and sometimes reminds me of **Heavenly**. They also play a song called "The Real Jesus" that doesn't seem at all

religious, which has to count for something.

KATE SCHROCK (*Dames Rocket*, independent, www.kate-schrock.com) is also from a far-away place: South Bristol, Maine. She's a piano-playing singer-songwriter, with a voice that falls somewhere between Sarah McLachlan (in an uncharacteristically rockin' mood) and **Heart's** Nancy Wilson. This is very earnest stuff, with Hammond organ, guitars, horns, and even the occasional accordion bit. Also, the lyrics are often, er, unlyrical, such as "I'll stay on the east coast/And try to live this lifestyle," from a song called "Mission Beach."

THE FONTANELLES (*In It*, Alpha Street Records, www.fontanelles.com), who hail from game show capital Burbank, California, are a little harder to pin down. Their female vocalist, who sings seven of the ten songs here, occasionally has a perky, sneering tone reminiscent of **Gwen Stefani**, but also has moments when her

voice gets close to the low cool qualities of **Coal's** Nicole. The music is even more eclectic, variously post-glam, post-space rock, post-punk (a very clean strain of post-punk), and post-country flavoured slick indie-rock. And then one song, sung by the male vocalist, is just plain psychobilly. Hammm.

Closer to home, youngish but experienced Victoria native **DAVID GOGO** (*Halfway to Memphis*, Cordova Bay/Ragged Pup Records, www.davidgogo.org) shows those other whippersnappers a thing or two, playing real-life blazing blues with a confident and proficient band (which also includes a Hammond organ). Gogo's got the guitar chops, the required gravely voice, and originals that hold up nicely next to covers of the likes of Muddy Waters, James Brown, John Lee Hooker, and Willie Dixon. The loud, fast, and tight arrangements and straight-ahead, clean recording don't hurt either. *

Janis McKenzie

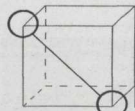
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THINGS YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW

Friday, March 23
Church of Pointless Hysteria
 I remember the first time I heard Neil Eustache read. Well, he didn't read exactly. He stared at us with glittering, disdainful eyes and told poems of slime and blood encounters in hotels and alleys around Main Street. He radiated a frightening cool. Those being the good old days just before journalists started wanking all over the Downtown Eastside, Eustache was never hauled into any sum d'um jour movement, but drifted in and out of town, eventually disappearing. Turns out the man had gone north to live in some cabin in the wilderness.

Recently, he announced that he was ready to perform again, so Church custodians, Kendrick James and Joel Snowden arranged a literary and musical soiree for the occasion.

James started things off with an ode to hysteria, delivered through a thick cloud of mist from a malfunctioning smoke machine. Gradually, I became aware of a heckler coming through the smoke off left. It was Eustache, who engaged in some verbal sparring with James

before eventually taking his place at the tiny, lamp-lit table. It was the best choreographed segue between poets that I've ever seen. Asking for a light for his cig (which quietly put the kosh on the smoke-free status of the upstairs room), he told us stories of life in the woods, his neighbours, and about almost dying when his heart clapped out. So gentle this time. Even when he told us that the Indians had died for our sins (fucking brilliant), it was with a warm giggle.

After a short break, the focus had shifted 90 degrees to the alcove in front of the window where Trixie's Undersea Adventure sat framed by black curtains. The act consists of Nicole Hurtubise and her accordion—both of which hypnotized us. She doesn't try to sing pretty, but her songs are wild and beautiful. I think she only played about four different chords, but they were the right ones, stretching and moaning behind her haunting lyrics. Near the end of her set, the fireworks started going off from GM Place, and it sounded like the city was being bombed. Sickly blue light from the street came through friends

dying and dirty children going missing. You couldn't hire special effects that perfect.

Then Eustache was back at the other end of the room—this time with his hand and some serious packets of wisdom. I noticed **Ida** from **The Beans** on keyboards. Didn't recognize percussionist or guitarist, but the sound had an overall Beany-ness. Things were growing along when Neil suddenly stopped to introduce the evening's special guest, **The Teen Dazzler**. Sam (real name) was no teen himself, so I imagined that his moniker meant he dazzled teens or something. Sam displayed a remarkable inability to get a song underway, taking several "short breaks" during the intro to the first one and finally tumbling into a charmingly pathetic cover of "Little Green Apples." I was wondering if maybe the evening was starting to fall away in chunks when he closed his short set with a number about fucking a schoolgirl up the bum and all the bodily excretions that would entail. It was fitting, and should be performed and altogether hilarious. We laughed sissily.

The good-sized crowd hadn't thinned any, and when Eustache

returned with a big bottle of vodka, he passed it round before taking the stage with a shout. Screams began to replace words as he drained the bottle. The band hung on, sliding into some nicely choppy versions of jazz standards. After a while, I didn't need the screaming any more, so I left with Neil's shrieks bouncing down the stairs after me and the evening folding back on itself as I recalled fragments of James' opening poem: "...A hint of infinite complexity, it has no real point... hysteria lies between madness and satisfaction, genius and boredom."

CIRQUE DU TOILET

Tuesday, March 27

Wise Hall

Where... a toilet circus. It was advertised on a bleary little black and white poster spied on Broadway in the rain. I had to go.

The great thing about performance which falls outside the conventional theatre set up is how the atmosphere in the space can contribute to the whole experience. That's why cabaret, site events, and of course circus can be so mysteriously exciting. You're there through the looking glass the moment you enter the venue.

The hall was warm and dark, except for fairy lights twinkling up on the balconies as we sat at small, candle-lit tables before the stage with its velvet curtain. A girl sahayed around in her underwear selling popcorn in brown bags. It felt like we were in a supper club run by

children. When the show opened with an overture played by a cross-dresser on musical saw, it boded well for the evening.

Like much of the new circus, this production was a hybrid. Written and directed by the company (Priscilla Costa, Jonny Flash, HoFF and Marc Kolbacuk), it told the story of three wage slaves in a bar and their struggles with sloshy boss—used as many of the troupe's skills as the dear old WISE could allow (no fire, no aerial acts). What we got was essentially a play, which erupted frequently and gleefully into juggling, belly-dancing, clowning, mime and copulating sex monkeys, etc. The performers are also cross-cast as their characters' fantasy alter egos, giving a sweet credibility to the shifts into circusness as they all dreamed of a life beyond the tawdry bar.

At times, the play itself felt a bit like an afterthought—neglected in the general enthusiasm for big-top mayhem. Fortunately, Kolbacuk anchored things in the acting department with his solid performance as the boss, Mister Diddles. He also showed a talent for physical comedy, melting away like a witch's witch in Or as he lamented to the whining strains of the saw.

Flash really distinguished himself in the circus numbers, hinting at some serious skills when he cavorted acrobatically and juggled everything he could get his hands on. The most wonderful moment was near the end,

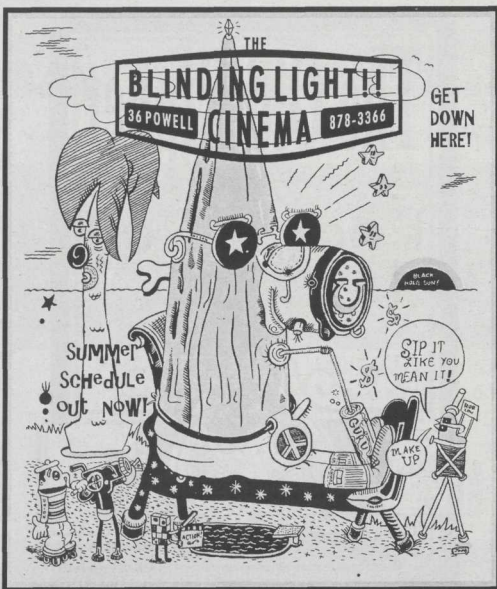
when the put-upon barmaid and the girl appeared as angels of death and brought Diddles to judgement while the bartender (Flash) rode across the hall on a 9-foot unicycle as the Grim Reaper robes his popping. It was eerie, magical, and sightworthy. For some reason, it also made me want to start flying around the room like a bat.

Cues appearances by Jason of **Terminal City State Show** and Ryan thescape artist weren't actually threaded into the story, but gave an injection of bad-dreamed and face grating aspirations and sounds grinding into beds of glass.

I look forward to the next time that Cirque du Toilet comes out to play.

THE PLUG HOLE

The estimable **Veda Hille** plays a fundraiser for **Radix Theatre** at the Railway Club on Friday, May 18. If you are already a fan of Radix's nourishing strangeness, you'll know what a good cause this is. Upcoming projects include "Bevilleder" at Dancing on the Edge in July and "The Secret Life of Sniffy the Rat," an avant garde musical comedy staged on a tour bus during November's Performance Art Biennial. If all you care about is an evening of fine music, you'll get that anyway from Hille, who will be performing with her **Skilled and Dangerous Band**. Last time I checked, it wasn't certain whether or not there would also be infiltrations from Radix itself. But I hope so. •



louder than a bomb

nat x

News reports of the recent charges brought in Belgian courts against a group of people (two Catholic nuns, a university professor, and an aide to the former prime minister) implicated in the 1994 Rwandan genocide almost universally include a note that Belgium has apologized for its "failure to do more to prevent the slaughter when Belgian officials had reported before the killings that political turmoil in Rwanda—which has a long history of Hutu-Tutsi rivalry—was setting the stage for a blood bath." The reports focus on the desire to see justice done and those responsible for the murders punished. These reports, however, always seem to miss a few crucial details that expose a different motivation: shedding colonial guilt.

Let's start with the central element in the conflict: the "long history of Hutu-Tutsi rivalry." No one in the Western media seems to mention or be aware of the fact that "Hutu" and "Tutsi" as they exist today were somewhat arbitrary ethnic categorizations made by the Belgians in colonial times. Nor do they clarify that the conflict stems from anger and competition created

on relations with and treatment by colonial authorities. The Belgian government is no doubt aware of this. Furthermore, Belgium's shared responsibility for the massacres was highlighted when it came out (thanks to that poor wreck of a man Gen. Romeo Dallaire) that Belgium, along with the US, France, Canada, Britain—all of whom speak ad nauseum about protecting human rights—was among the UN powers that had foreknowledge of the situation, yet bowed to US pressure (based on their fear of another Somalia) and pulled its troops back shortly after the killings began. This conflict, the seeds of which were sown by European colonialism, which the Belgian government (and its UN allies) lacked the political will to help prevent, and which resulted in the deaths of around a million people, is no doubt a serious source of societal guilt, as is the obvious betrayal of the specific individuals whom Belgian troops were directly assigned to protect once the killings started. Imagine these individuals watching Belgian troops leaving the compounds they were supposed to protect (by helicopter and armored car) while trucks full of bloodthirsty militia circler, guns and machetes

in hand, taunting the remaining civilians with their impending grisly deaths. Actually, you don't have to imagine it. CBC television's **Performance Art Biennial**, if all you care about is an evening of fine music, you'll get that anyway from Hille, who will be performing with her **Skilled and Dangerous Band**. Last time I checked, it wasn't certain whether or not there would also be infiltrations from Radix itself. But I hope so. •

In the end, this is what it comes down to: a million people died horrendously and millions more survived in suffering (because of a conflict originally fostered by a colonial government) in a series of massacres that were anticipated by most of the Western "democracies" (including the original colonial power) and yet still happened because no nation was willing to take the risk of losing a single soldier or spending a few million dollars to avert one of the greatest human tragedies ever. I obviously don't excuse the actual perpetrators for their actions. Far from it: in my mind they deserve far worse than the harshest punishments anyone could inflict on them. This said, however, the question remains: is this trial about finding the culprits or is it about making sure that someone other than the Belgian government (and other Western states) is held ultimately responsible for one of the worst acts of terror in history? •

frankie sparo



Frankie Sparo is no ordinary fellow. The first time I encountered him was as I was walking along the streets of downtown Victoria. He was dressed in a skinny suit and tie and a beaten up old fedora on his head. He was like Duckie from *Pretty In Pink*. Next I saw him play at a now-dead coffeehouse, sitting under dim lights and crooning into an old microphone, duping the crowd into twinkling misery with his cigarette-adfled, cast-away vocals and sleepy, wethering, achingly paced guitar. It was all a wonderful, desolation-tinged haze. All was forgotten until a few years later I happened upon the Constellation website and saw that a little fellow named Frankie Sparo was about to release an album entitled *My Red Scare*. The music was just as I had remembered it. The following is the email conversation I had with Frankie Sparo. And yes, now we are best friends and loving penpals.

Dear Frankie Sparo,

Hello. The following are some questions that I hope you will enjoy, and subsequently answer. The results will be published in a newsprint magazine entitled DISCORDER, from Vancouver, British Columbia. Now I have never met you, so I am unsure of whether or not you will appreciate the following questions. I'm taking a chance on life and hoping you will. I am interested in both your music and who you are. Please feel free to be as candid or as guarded as you darn well please. Also I really like your album.

Sincerely, Lyndsay Sung

Hello Lyndsay,

Thank you for the note. Here's the interview. Maybe a little more candid or guarded than you were expecting, but I'm what you might call a difficult interview. Took the liberty of re-arranging the questions a little for continuity of answers. Other maybe pertinent lead-in info: just returned from European tour with A Silver Mount Zion, did some recording there which will be released as EP on Constellation this fall, recording next full-length imminently. As for some of my answers, please don't be personally offended, I truly do appreciate that you contacted me of your own accord and am glad you like the record. Keep well.

Frankie

DISCORDER: Is Frankie Sparo your real name?

Frankie Sparo: Not really.

Why Montreal? How did you hook up with Constellation Records? I never had any clear picture of what was going on in Montreal, but I was sort of fixated on it for a while, an imagined version of it. Places can be like that. Then one day a letter came from my friend saying, "I'm living above a bakery in Montreal, and it's miserable hot, and why don't you come out." And I had nothing to do, so I packed some things, and a few weeks later I was living here. This was three years ago, when Don and Ian (who run Constellation) were having shows at their loft. We were introduced, they invited me to play there, and one thing led to another. I guess it turned out that my idea of the place, it wasn't the whole city, but it was there and it had people in it. Only it was like a ghost city. But in the real city.

Please name the one song in the world that makes you want to throw yourself on the ground and dance like nothing else matters on earth.

Fine. Let's say "Mongoloid" by Devo. Out of all the films in the world which film would you sum ups your music? Now that's just impossible. When I was making this record, though, I was thinking about *La Notte*. Antonioni made pictures that seemed like they were shot entirely in slow motion, with this unsettling dream realism. I get an enormous lot of movies, but none of them sum anything up for me.

I've read reviews about you here and there. You have been compared to the likes of Bill Callahan of Smog and Tom Waits. Talk to us about "influences," musical and otherwise.

Well, I'd like to, but instead I'm thinking, "What the hell are Bill Callahan of Smog and Tom Waits doing in a question about my influences?" And I'm thinking about how every jerk with a microphone in front of him gets compared to Tom bloody Waits, which should make me feel better maybe, but it truly doesn't. And it occurs to me that influences inspire an artist to work, whereas comparisons allow a music reviewer to not do any work whatsoever. Which is irritating. So now I'm irritated and on a tangent about the state of music criticism, which should pay rent in my mind for the amount of time I have to spend hating it. If there were more good music critics, would there be less bad music? And I'm wondering what's the point of five sentence record reviews, what is the point,

and how did this uselessness become the accepted standard and whether *Spin* Magazine has anything to do with it. And then I think—this thought actually ENTERS MY MIND—"is blaming *Spin* Magazine passé?" Positively sickening I tell you, all day long thinking like this, sometimes I wish I could paint instead.

If you were an animal what animal would you be? If you were a fruit, what kind of fruit would you be and why?

For christakes. Come on.

Please write a haiku about *My Red Scare*.

I'd rather not.

Do you appreciate a stranger asking you such questions? Listen, this whole mess drains me cold. Like the fellow said, it's like drawing legs on a picture of a snake. I've a mind to not do interviews at all, but then you start seeing things cropping up willy-nilly about yourself like "media strategy" or "stand-offish." God forbid. What a drag. I mean of course I appreciate your taking time out of your day to want to talk to me. I even sort of admire your bizarre carefree whimsy, but do we have to be inane? If we're really going to do this, if we're going to make our little albums and write our little articles, can't we start trying for something? What else is in this magazine, for instance? Who ARE these people? Let's drop the puff pieces. Let's ease up a bit on the glowing reviews of worthless garbage and leave what goddamn Nelly Furtado eats for breakfast to *Rolling Stone*, can we please? Or just don't bother. I really can't imagine what you expect to find out from me with these questions. Unless you're trying to build some kind of psychological profile. Which would be kind of creepy, frankly.

When I say "celebrate life" you think (please fill in the blank). Cheque, please. •



by Lyndsay Sung
photo N. Moss

BARBARA ANDERSEN JULY 1999-MAY 2001

Ms. Barbara Andersen, aka, DISCORDER Editrix, aka The Human Dictionary, aka, Goth Undercover, is off to the land of burning computers and insufferable pedantry.

Thank you, Barbara for your visionary, migraine causing genius.

Go to sleep.

Love from the DISCORDER staff.



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SNAILHOUSE (8:30)

of montreal

by Chris-A-Riffic

What a delight to have a conversation by phone with Athens, GA's second, greatest son, Kevin Barnes, front man of the great pop band *Of Montreal*. His delicate blend of pop craftsmanship will entice you, his words will stimulate you, and my incredible questions will put you over the top. *Of Montreal* are coming to play in May, hooray!

DISORDER: So you wanted to frequent the great city of Vancouver.

Kevin Barnes: We've never been there before, and we're really excited.

We're delighted to have you. Good.

I always envisioned you as being old. So many stories, the kids are all gathered around, and you're telling them your tales of woe.

Thank you. I guess there really isn't any question in there. Where do you get your inspiration?

I guess I always stay tuned into the creative way of thinking. I always spend time talking to myself, creating different scenarios, and sometimes those scenarios can turn into songs. I spend time trying to amuse myself.

You are the master of the melody. I've never heard anyone twist a melody into the shapes that you do. How do you go about it? I try writing songs with tons and tons of chords...

Yeah, I noticed.

...on our first record. I thought it would be fun to explore, having

all those twists, having all those key changes to keep it interesting. How populated is Kindercore Records right now? There seems to be quite an influx of new artists. I talked to the guys at Kindercore about it. [I said,] "Wouldn't it be a better idea if you had four or five bands to concentrate on all year?" They're saying, "Part of the fun of having labels is putting out a variety of stuff and being involved in a bunch of different genres."

Are you a fan of Sean O'Hagen's work in the High Llamas?

Oh yeah, definitely.

Is he a big influence?

No, but he's influenced by the same things I'm influenced by.

Did you produce your album yourself?

Oh yeah. We always record our records at home.

Nice studio?

Yeah. It's been building. For each album we get an album advance that we put into the studio. Our first record was not very good 'cause we only had 3000 dollars. With this one we put a lot more into it, and also we are learning how to do it each time a little bit better.

Any odd interviews?

We did an interview for Canadian radio. They were interviewing us about our names. They were under the impression that all our records were tributes to this experience that I had in Montreal. And they were like, "So you've written five albums about that girl in Montreal. How does that make you feel?" And I said, "Well, I wrote that one record, and that's about it."

You seem to be a big fan of the Dixieland, the show tunes, the vaudeville. Is that something that you were brought up with when you were a wee lad?

No, but my grandpa got me into it. I'm a fan of Edward Gorey.

His style of writing appeals to me.

Do you always use the same cover artist?

It's my brother that does it.

So you're the music guy and your brother's in the arts.

Yep.

How prolific do you think you are? You're like Robert Pollard.

No. I'm not that prolific. I try to write a couple of songs a month, and by the time a new album comes out I have about an album and a half's worth of new material, so it doesn't take us so long to put out a record.

Fair enough. Do you like it when people overanalyze your songs?

It's fun.

Is "Happy Little Bumble Bee" actually about a happy little bumble bee?

Mm-hmm.

You're kidding! That's great!

I never write in metaphors.

Never? Is there a reason?

I just don't think I'm smart enough.

Me neither. I've been there. We just got this album of four-track demos. What did Dustin Hoffman ever do to you?

That was just an impulsive decision. It's been so long since we thought about any of those songs. We totally forgot the titles. We thought it would be fun having a concept album about Dustin Hoffman. *

Check out *Of Montreal* with *Summer Hymns* and *Ashley Park* at the *Starfish Room* on May 8.



the Dirtmitts



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Keiji Haino:

All Noisy At the Western Front

by Luke Meat

I've been putting off writing this article on Keiji Haino for about a month now simply because I don't know where to begin. He is frankly the most astonishingly prolific and important musician in the underground Japanese psychedelic and noise scenes, even though no one, either here or there, has heard of him. And much to my amazement and delight, Keiji Haino is performing at the Western Front on May 15, so I thought I'd give the potentially interested a bit of a primer.

Keiji Haino's musical career began in the late '60s, and like many other Japanese musicians who were heavily influenced by the psychedelic sounds coming out of the West, he wasn't actually taking part in the drug-taking that was associated with the sound. Many Japanese bands' aim was to produce a psychedelic experience through the music alone—Haino himself is resolutely anti-drug, probably due to the harsh penalties handed out to offenders in Japan. His first endeavor was the Albert Ayler-influenced ensemble, Lost Araaf, which existed through the first three years of the '70s. Their most memorable performance was at the 1971 Ganyasai festival, held near the building site of the new international airport in Narita, which was a protest against the government's appropriation of land from local farmers. Although Haino is revered as a godfather of that early scene, he has stated that those '60s groups (namely The Dynamites, The Golden Cups, The Mops and The Ramplizes) were not true psychedelia. That being said, he has also asserted that High Rise, Gaseneta and Musica Transonic are "real" Japanese psychedelic

rock, even though most of the latter bands emerged in the early '90s. At least no one can accuse him of living in the past.

Most of Keiji Haino's solo work revolves around vocals and guitar, the vocals resulting from an extensive study of Chinese breathing and the guitar from listening to waaayyy too much Blue Cheer. *The Book of Eternity Set Aflame* is a great introduction to his solo work: three tracks, all varying in levels of harsh electronics, guttural screaming, and droning bliss. For those with stronger eardrums, check out *Excitation That Accept To Knowledge*, a 45-minute-plus onslaught of electric guitar (without the help of effects) and vocals that are simply terrifying—they sound like they come from behind, causing you to leap out of your chair.

What Keiji Haino is probably best known for is his power-combo Fushitsusha. Fushitsusha can make one a little bit more aware of how much Blue Cheer has affected this Japanese axe-wielder. I can only think of about eight releases off the top of my head, and that's nowhere near their actual catalog. It's important to note that Haino has never referred to his music as "noise." That being said, however, Fushitsusha's dense volume oversaturation, mixed with Haino's maniacal wailing, comes across as—you guessed it—noisy! One of my favorite Fushitsusha releases is *Wildframe*, this subtle *Discotheque* *ere drov'd*. As translator Alan Cummings states in the liner notes, "We eventually came to the compromise of using Elizabethan-style grammar, spelling and diction. Within those parameters, I believe that the title makes grammatical

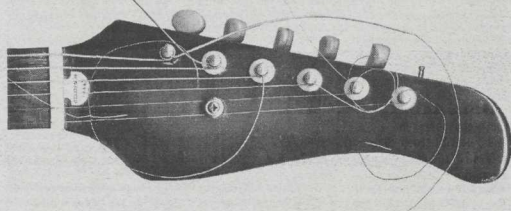
sense and communicates what Keiji wants to say." And what does he want to say exactly? Well, the only interviews I've read have made it obvious that Haino has very limited English. When asked about what "fushitsusha" meant, he responded (to one interviewer): "Too difficult... but it is a happy word." When asked about what "lyrics" he sings, Haino responded, "It's easy to sing, AAAHHHHHHH OOOHHHHH ARRRRRHHHHH"

Another instrument that Haino utilizes is the hurdy-gurdy. Check out *So, Black is Myself* on Montreal's Alien8 Records and prepare to be exposed to some of the most ambient music this side of Eno, although not nearly as peaceful. His approach is to relax the listener into a state of restless lucidity, before jerking them out with unearthly wailings. This ain't no Donovan song.

I don't know what to expect at the Western Front on May 15, but I do know that immediately afterward he's hooking up with Thurston Moore to play the Festival International de Musique Actuelle in Victoriaville, Quebec, which sounds noisy to me. For the brave listeners among you, I urge you not to miss this show. Come on—it's \$15 for a night of something you're definitely not going to see every day in the City of No Fun. •

As a footnote, a terrific resource for parties interested in exploring Japanese is Paul Collet's exceptional website (which I have to thank for much of the information contained in this article):

<http://noise-as-japan/index.html>



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these jerks are the bomb!

I'm ready to take on two punks with attitude. The members of Jerk with a Bomb are so damn hardcore that they don't even go by their real names, choosing instead to be known as The Silo and One Easy Skag. There's a world of mystery and mayhem. Intimidating, no?

No. These skinny white boys make no attempt to spit on my tape recorder or skirt my questions in typical punk rock fashion. They smile. They're friendly. That confuses some people. What's up with the punk rock name, a name which conjures up images of pipebombs and revolution, of stickin' it to the man and running away with a malicious grin? Yeah. Punk rock. Or do things manifest themselves differently in this day and age? They must, because Jerk with a Bomb is still punk as all get out, even though its members eschew the grump and smelliness for a different look. No white belts, though. These boys may wash their hair in the morning, but they damn well don't style it.

At the very get-go The Silo and One Easy Skag let me know their top-secret names are pretty, well, not secret. Seems as though this band's all about bad jokes gone on too long, things never liked but never straightened out. There were never plans for a concept album or a costumed stage show. It looks as though Josh and Steve were just fooling around, heading for good times, and they bumped up on some goofy names to help them along. Maybe it's thanks to the secret names that Steve's parents don't even know he's in a band, or that the two remain penniless and poor, constantly overlooked by SOCAN no matter how often their songs get spun on the radio.

"We didn't want it!" says Josh of Canada's dirty music money. JWAB is not a commercial endeavor. That's punk for you. But then again... money is a good thing. It helps bands tour and eat at the same time. It helps fund new recordings and records. It gets you ladies (not that JWAB are into that). Too bright to let a good thing pass them by, Josh and Steve are eager to learn how to manipulate the government to grab some of its magical musical funding. "We're drawing up a proposal as we speak," Josh assures me. He feels that

the way FACTOR dishes out dough is a bit strange, as I'm sure we all do. How do so many crappy bands net the funding?

"Unlike Canada Council, which is set up to fund art, artists, poets, writers—stuff that doesn't generate money—FACTOR is an industry association, set up primarily to help bands that they feel have a chance of being commercially viable." Jerk with a Bomb doesn't strike me as a very commercial outfit, and the boys know it. Their chances with the Canada Council are slimmer, as it prefers "difficult" music. Asked whether JWAB could make "difficult" music, Steve assures me that what they're doing is "very difficult." Josh does play drums, keyboards, and sings at the same time...

A suggestion to advance into multimedia gamers an enthusiastic response. A friend, Christophe, and his video projections are already slated to join the upcoming tour, and the band believes this will spice up the live show considerably. They're already prepping to incorporate this new medium—the search for white outfits is on. This new look will help the films' on-stage projection, while also propelling the band into a new community.

"Hopefully the no-wave community will pick up on the fact that we have purchased white suits and will start booking us accordingly," jokes Josh. The fact of the matter is that Jerk with a Bomb will play with anyone. The boys assure me they'll take any shows they're given. The band's first tour was a 10-week affair which apparently featured more nights at rest than rocking out, and there are hopes of avoiding that route this time out. Of this tour, Steve says, "It's five weeks, we get to go different places than last time, like Kentucky, Colorado, Utah." Josh is pleased about the dates in the Prairies, an area the band overlooked last time around. Things are going to be different.

I can't tell if the band's looking for more or less confrontation on this tour. Both members eagerly relate the tale of a near-dangerous encounter with a marine in Detroit who didn't like their look and was hoping to start some trouble. A band that describes itself as sporting the "Fist magnet" and "Milquetoast" look doesn't really

The new album is all about "more whiskey and less doobs."

Photos: Chris Frey



stand a chance against America's finest, but it sounds as though Josh and Steve are up for the challenge of a brawl or two.

Oscillating now towards a kinder, gentler take on the band—both members are active within their community, picking up litter, handing out cigarettes (sorry, Steve, you'll be swamped at your next show!) and eagerly playing benefits like the Patti Party on St. Patrick's Day at Ms. T's. The benefit was meant to help local photography zine *Patti* receive wider exposure on the Van City front and make a bit of cash to help with upcoming issues. The party was a success, the band played a strong headlining set, and everyone who arrived early enough got a very tasty cupcake at the door. Yum!

Speaking of yum, Josh recently appeared in a *Patti* swimsuit lay-out, but Steve didn't make the cut. Once again, he suspects it has something to do with his "look." Josh is rumoured to be the brawn and the brains behind Jerk with a Bomb. Steve's willing to concede as long as listeners are able to overlook the fact that he plays guitar and sings all the songs. Of Josh, Steve says, "He leads the beat," which is pretty much as good as being in charge, I think. Josh says that spearheading this project, alongside his duties to Radio Berlin, is "a burden at times," but he seems to love what he does.

Are solo projects in the works? Doubtful. With the new record, *The Old Noise*, about to be released on CD and LP by Scratch and Ghosts and Alarm respectively, and tour plans shaping up nicely, this duo is set to rocket to the top and stay buddies all the while. Jerk with a Bomb's first record, *Death to False Metal*, hit hard at campus/community radio stations all across our fine country. Punks like them. Indie rockers like them. The CBC even likes them! A live performance for CBC's *Radioactive* offered up a bit of coin and recognition. As much as playing around Vancouver has helped them establish a solid name for themselves, it's obvious that there are still people out there who need to receive the good music. Josh says that people in Montreal and Toronto have been enthusiastic about the band's slow, stripped-down stylings, and ideally this new release will help to build on the hype of the first record. The new record's

been a long time coming, and anyone who's seen the band perform around town within the last year or so has undoubtedly already heard more than a smattering of the tracks from the new record.

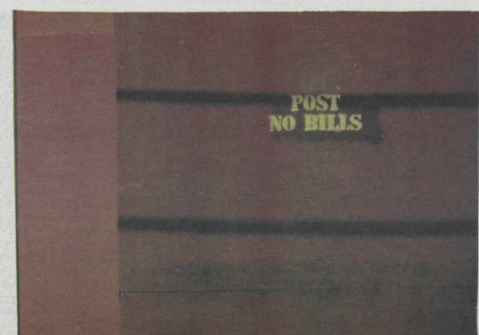
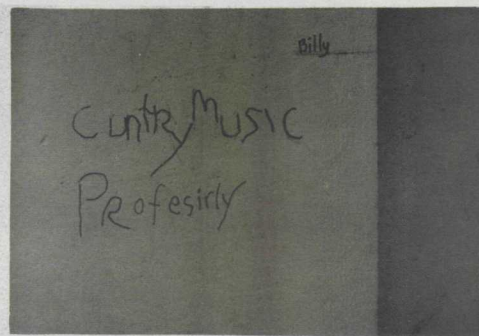
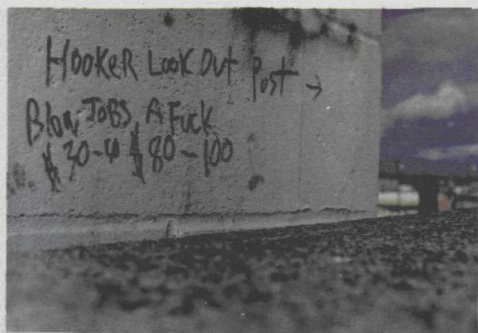
Recorded at the Hive, the album was completed a year ago, using the little studio's ever-growing wealth of tape machines and specialized gear to shape an album whose sound is, well, much the same as the first. Jerk with a Bomb's focus remains on heart-wrenching, slow country movers slightly warped by the sun of something new; a stripped down, genuine reworking of gaudy and golden greats.

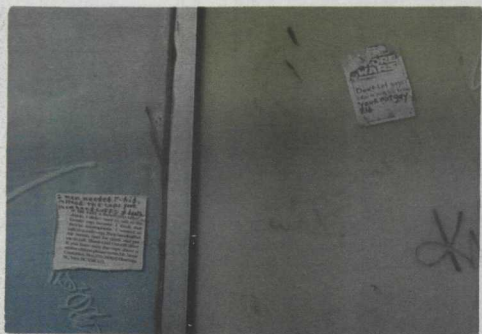
Placing a new spin on old attitudes is also in the works for Josh and Steve. The new album is all about "more whiskey and less doobs," according to the duo. Thanks to less in-session toking, the songs now sound "a little less token," which means that Steve's got a firm grip on this style he's commandeered, and Josh is ready to back him up.

When I asked whether anyone had ever asked them to change the band name, I got a better answer than I could have possibly hoped for, as it does seem an unlikely fit with the sound that they produce. Steve's response? "No, but we've asked each other to change it. We just never got around to it." Josh agrees, adding, "We didn't do it in time, and now we're stuck with it. We have found, when we go places, that people are a bit surprised. They expect us to sound a little more like NOFX." Josh is smiling throughout this declaration.

And so, lacking the potential for radio and world domination, Jerk with a Bomb is ready to take on our city and beyond with a new release and an adventurous tour itinerary. Hopefully people will sit up and take notice, be they punks, rockers, no-wavers, alt. countrymen, or just plain old music fans. Jerk with a Bomb are ready to bend their unique musical style around your ears, and you should all count yourselves lucky. •

By: Julie Colero





My domestic situation could accept any number of adjectives: normal, rare, absurd, pathetic, but these are the facts: I live in the same house that welcomed me home on the day I was born, and save only for a couple of stints abroad, I always have.

From my living room I can see a spot of grey on the building, in fact a chunk of the very classroom in which I spent the inaugural year of my entire elementary school education. It's right there. But it would be telling you everything to tell you that I no longer know the janitor's name.

Still, this slice of earth, with its acres of forest and trails, has played host to some of my most memorable life events, both as a cocksure little ankle-biter and mirthful adolescent puke: concussion-inducing double front flips (first two-wheeler), lunchtime introductions to porn via collections temporarily liberated from the nightstands of neighbourhood fathers, intoxicating and intoxicated police chases during Halloween fireworks mayhem, not to mention the countless hours of reprieve spent lying on skateboards, facing the sky, swatting away mosquitoes and bullshitting another summer evening into silence and sparkling stars.

But for years now, my only relationship with the pulse of this neighbourhood has been an aural one—the same schoolyard din that is the schoolyard din of schoolyards everywhere has been no less than the soundtrack for my life in this house. Screams: recess. Silence: math class. Screams: lunch. Yip-slap-smack-ching! ball hockey in the tennis court. Accompanying my activities here have always been the sounds of children at play.

While the sounds of screaming kids just released from the riveting worlds of Louis Riel and long division have remained the comfortable fixtures they ought to be, a gradual transformation in the off-hours noise of the neighbourhood has nonetheless been occurring at a steady and unsettling pace, but like many important things, it took a solitary, unusual event to make me aware of what I already knew.

I noticed that every morning, beginning at exactly 8:49:33 My Computer Time, I would hear the distant sound of classical music, the unmistakable lilt of that peppy little number chosen to herald the beginning of another episode of *Masterpiece Theatre*. As it went on, it became difficult to discern precisely when it stopped, but it seemed to last for about 10 minutes. Where the fuck was this coming from? I envisioned one of my neighbours as some kind of caricatured power-broking dynamo who began his morning with a mood-inducing regime of guts and glory, strategically refined into a little sonic parcel apt to put a manured face on a mercenary lust for cap-

ital. I poked my head out the window for a peek at jumping jacks in an Armani suit, but it wasn't coming from either one of my neighbours. My head turned, in dazed disbelief, towards the spot of grey on the building I could see from my living room.

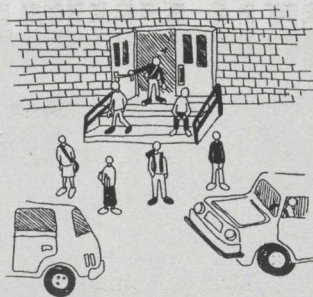
It's been said that music will presage important shifts in cultural practice, but in this case, the arrow points to the past; not prophecy, but the articulation which gathers up the disparate pieces of discreet events and suggests a unified form.

Years ago I remember noticing that much of the after-hours noise from the school grounds had slowly faded away into silence: pre-teen daredevils stopped burning donuts into the gravel field with their dirtbikes, middle school kids stopped drinking their half-sacks of Lucky Lager and their resultant vandalism, and little pyromaniacs stopped blowing up their GI Joe figures—the random, jarring firecracker explosions which used to precede Halloween by some two months. These noises—loud, disruptive, sporadic—were the sounds of adolescent transgression, and their disappearance from the soundscape of this neighbourhood has been next to total.

The pace of this disappearance has been eerily concurrent with the pace of domestication on the school grounds themselves. On what probably amounts to my annual stroll around the school, it

shut up
and listen

by steve dipo
drawing by scott
malin



has been impossible not to take note of this transformation in the area's geography. Where there used to be dusty dirt hills now sit asphalt walkways that channel into fences and flowerbeds. Black mud has since become concrete, gravel, or the best symbol of this pulverizing will for order, bark mulch.

The silence from the adolescent hoodlums first suggested it: where geography is transformed, domesticated, tamed, so is the consciousness of its inhabitants. The battalion of feeble little legs which used to run uselessly from older brothers setting to chuck you and your friends in the bushes on the way home from school, now only marches as far as the appropriate unit in the cavalcade of SUVs which consistently surround the perimeter of the school grounds at the end of each day. Vroom. "Taylor!" Slam. There was a time when I would still hear periodically the bruscha of infantile taunt and protest only to look out the window to catch the aftermath of the launch: some poor twerp, somehow always in brown cords, awkwardly wading his way out of my juniper. No more. Listen, and you will hear only car tires on the rainy pavement hiss out ridiculous destinations as they peel away from the conveyer.

Youth has been automated. Listen to their sound: scheduled, monotone, static, insensate.

It's no mystery that the origins of the loudspeaker, and its musical voice demarcating the start of the day, rest in the regime of the military camp. What precedes and follows this call is the sound of sanctioned movement.

Every morning, this music—the sonic incarnation of a modernist, technological will for order—floods over the school grounds, weaves through the limbs of trees and over the black dirt to herald the beginning of another day of school, but it signals more than this: what it announces is the victory of itself. •

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AN EMAIL INTERPRETATION OF

AIKI SHIMADA

BY BARBARA ANDERSEN



Ahare, painted by Hiroshi Kimura, stands on his hind legs before an enormous full moon on the cover of Aiki Shimada's *Blue Marble*. Hares and rabbits are particularly interesting animals. Their symbolic import, though obviously variable from culture to culture, is complex and loaded. For me, the cover of Shimada's fifth release evokes chocolate Easter bunnies, Alice in Wonderland, stuffed playthings, and a few other cartoony or childish images. However, the most pressing association this picture makes for me is with the 1973 UK cult film *The Wicker Man*. For those of you who haven't seen it, I won't give away the plot, but hares signify large the story as pagan emblems of fertility and rebirth.

In Japanese mythology, rabbit spirits make their home in the moon, where they pound out sticky rice cakes with mallets. The markings on the surface of the full moon show, to the Japanese imagination, not a face (as I was taught to see as a child) but a rabbit. Shimada, currently based in Seattle, plays with these alternating and intersecting mythologies in the pace and tenor of her music, which is simultaneously dreamlike and solid. *Blue Marble's* sound is grounded in the contrast between the light shades of her pure, clear, eminently controlled voice and the darkness of her backing band's subtle and often sad atmospheres. Listening to the album (released on John Zorn's Tzadik label and produced by bandmates Eyvind Kang and Evan Schiller), I'm struck with gratitude that my two months living in the Japanese countryside didn't provide me with anything close to proficiency in the language. The few words I recognize jump up like frogs out of quiet, impenetrable ponds, leaving the rest of Shimada's prose beautifully theoretical.

DISCORDER: You've been active in Seattle as a musician for several years now and seem to have played a lot of "folk" or "roots" related shows and showcases. Do you consider yourself a "folk" artist? **Aiki Shimada:** I don't think of myself as a guitarist/singer/songwriter. With the group I have (myself on electric guitar these days, trumpet, drums, and upright bassist), people don't put me in the "folk" categorization anymore. But when I was doing solo or duo acts playing acoustic guitar, more people put me in the folk category. I think it's funny that people have to talk about genre of music as much as they do. I'm playing the same music, but depending on who I play with, or even where I play, people's perception changes.

How did this current band come together? I put ads in the paper to look for people to play with when we first moved to Seattle eight years ago. But then, as I started playing around town, different musicians started to tell me that if I needed an accompaniment, they would be available. I also went to check out music in town and began meeting different musicians who were very open minded. That's how I met people in my group (Dave Carter on trumpet, Mark Collins on upright bass, Eric Eagle on drums and David Brogan on percussion). Although I had already seen him play, I didn't know Dave Carter personally but met him through my songwriter friend who knew him well. My friend thought his playing would fit perfectly in my music. She was right! Mark Collins is my husband, and we've been playing together since I started to play in Oregon. Eric Eagle was a housemate of Steve Moore (trombone/keyboardist, who played in my last CD, *Another Full Moon*) who used to be in our group. I met the drummer/percussionist David Brogan when my friend Timothy Young's band backed me up when I was still doing solo acts several years ago. All of them are jazz musicians—they have a background in jazz but listen to a broad range of music and don't want to play mainstream jazz all the time.

You used to be a jazz DJ at a college radio station. What is your current relationship to jazz?

I listen to jazz less now just because there is so much other stuff to listen to. But I still love jazz very much.

Your first three releases were put out by Bera Records. Is this your own label?

Yes. I self-released them because nobody was interested in putting them out. Also, I think of CDs as records of what I have done, instead of products. Of course it would be nice if I can sell them and make enough to at least break even. But I released them on my own to say, "This is what I've done so far!"

How did you find yourself on the Tzadik label?

I like "experimental music" even though I don't really do it myself. So I knew all about Tzadik. One day, my musician friend in Seattle loaned my second CD, *Window*, to his friend in New York. The New York friend liked it, and noticed that my friend Eyvind Kang was on the CD. Eyvind had done some records with Tzadik by then (he had played and toured with musicians like Bill Frisell and Beck). Anyway, this guy went to John Zorn's show and asked [Zorn] if he had heard of me. Zorn said no, but when he found out that I collaborated with Eyvind, he said he was interested in hearing my music. *Window* was a very simple, stark, and more "folk"-oriented CD, and I wasn't going to send it to him. But then, I thought "Why not? I've known Zorn's music and what he's done. I should just send it to him not to expect anything, but just to share my music with him." I sent it to him, and a week later he faxed me a letter with the offer of the project.

The first, fifth, and ninth songs on *Blue Marble* are all subtitled "Morning." Can you explain your motivation for this?

The actual song "Morning" is found at the very end of track nine. The first track has the same music, but I sang the words super slow (Eyvind's idea). Track five is a vocals-only track and features some of the vocal harmonies (without words) I sang in the song. We just took everything out, and used the harmony vocals only. Eyvind felt that "Morning" was the theme song of this record, and he wanted to put it throughout the CD, but in a way that people wouldn't easily figure out.

This is a song about one particular morning. I woke up in the state of dream-like feeling and saw these incredible rays coming in from a window and noticed the light was so magical and beautiful. It's a song about how miracles are actually everywhere. Eyvind's idea turned out to be perfect for me because the first song, "Mezame (Morning part one)" means "waking." The second version, "Hikari (Morning part two)" means "light" or "ray." And the last one, "Asa (Morning part three)" means "Morning." And this sequence fits the experience I had.

The *Victory Record* wrote that you're obsessed with the moon. Yes, everyone thinks I am. I can't help it. Though, recently someone told me that I do have a very strong relationship with the moon astrologically. So here is the reason for it, I guess. Like night. When things quiet down, I can think better. And when I notice, there is always the moon floating in the sky, whether it's full or not. It is the closest thing we know in the sky, and it always reminds me that we are in the vast sea of universe. I love the sensation of this feeling because it takes my little daily worries away from me.

Blue Marble is the first record of yours I've heard. Have you always employed such diverse instrumentation (strings, tape loops,

unorthodox percussion, etc.)?

No. This is the first time for me to have more electronic instruments. Eyvind wanted to be creative with the sound while he made sure to retain my personal sound. This is also the first time that I was able to work on a record by not worrying about time. The co-producer/engineer, Evan Schiller (Sadhappy's drummer), agreed to do the project with a flat fee. So we had unlimited time to work on this CD. Because of this, we were able to try all kinds of things. Basically all the ideas came from these two producers (they also made sure to ask me what I wanted to hear), and they asked me if I liked what I heard each time they came up with different ideas.

Do you always sing in Japanese?

I usually always sing in English, though. I always did one Japanese song on each record. These days, I sing 30-40 % of the songs in Japanese when I do a show.

Sound was a Japan-only release. Nobody knows me there, and the label is small, so it's hard to market it, and therefore, not many people know that the CD exists. But I got a few good reviews by Japanese reviewers.

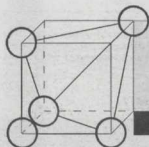
Who is Hiroshi Kimura, the artist who did the cover art for *Blue Marble*? What was the idea behind this image—which I find very evocative—of the rabbit?

He is my friend. He used to live in Seattle, but moved to New York several years ago. He does paintings that are super realistic and very strange at the same time, pretty dark. I love the way he paints, and I asked him if he would draw this image. I drew the image with a pencil and sent it to him, and he did the magic. There is no one specific idea behind it. When I thought of the cover, that was the image I had in my head. There is a song in the CD called "Busy Rabbit." The busy rabbit is me. I was born in the year of rabbit. And there is an old Japanese traditional song called "Rabbit Rabbit." It goes, "Rabbit, Rabbit, What do you see when you jump? I see a full moon when I jump." I actually used the lyrics at the end of this song. People in Japan say they can see a profile of a rabbit on the moon, and there is a saying that rabbits live on the moon, and they work busily to pound rice to make *mochi*, the rice cake. Anyway, the song is about myself being distracted by many things and always being busy. It is my hope to someday become a peaceful, spiritual person, and this song is sort of a wish song.

I want to add something here. I wanted to say that the project (making of *Blue Marble*) was such a learning experience. I never thought of having someone produce my music. I always produced my own CDs. But when John Zorn assigned Eyvind as a producer, I had no problem in having someone else produce it. I have to say, Eyvind is someone I admire the most as a musician. I also feel that he is one of the very few people who really hears my music. He didn't change the personality of my music. Instead, he used what I had and emphasized those elements to expand the intention of my music. •

DISCOGRAPHY

Blue Marble (Tzadik, 2001)
Sound (East Works Entertainment, 2000)
Another Full Moon (Bera, 2000)
Window (Bera, 1998)
Bright And Dark (Bera, 1996)



under review

recorded media

DAVID ABIR/
ASHLEY WALES
*Movement A, Study
33/Landscape
(Sulphur/Sulphur)*

Ho hum. More so-so po-mo
heave-ho from the worldwide
Vaguely Experimental Music
underground. This split disc
comes courtesy of the Sulphur/
Sulphur label run by Robin
Rimbaud (aka Scanner). As
with all Scanner products, it
comes weighted down by
rhetoric ("...breaking the mould,
dissolving expectations...") that
the flimsy musical contents can't
support. Needless to say, my
expectations were not dissolved.
The first half of the CD fea-
tures a piece by composing new-
comer David Abir. It's a
pleasant enough slice of post-
minimalist ambience which
sounds not unlike a very long
Spiritualized Boide.

The second half of the pro-
gramme is filled by Ashley
Wales of fair-to-middling "in-
tellectual drum'n'bass" duo Spring
Heel Jack. His "Landscape" is as
tediously predictable as its title
suggests.

None of this music is really
bad, as such. It's just that if you
really want to hear this kind of

thing, you'd be better off going
back to one of Eno's original
ambient recordings from the
'70s. That these musicians are
attempting to recapture the
magic of those classic releases is
hardly more admirable than try-
ing to recreate, say, "Tomorrow
Never Knows."

And if it's cutting-edge,
grass-roots experimentalism
you're after, pick up something
by Fennesz or Kim Cascone.
Leave this shit on the shelf.
Sam Macklin

BAD ASTRONAUT
*Acrophobe
(Honest Don's)*

Hold on, that voice sounds
familiar. Hey, that's the guy from
Lagwagon, those wholly uncool
purveyors of what's often called
mall-punk. Bad Astronaut
appears to be the side project of
Lagwagon vocalist Joey Cape.
"Well," you say to yourself,
"bands on Fat Wreck Chords like
Lagwagon suck and aren't cool,
so Bad Astronaut isn't cool and
probably sucks hard." Well, I
say, fuck that and fuck you. No
matter how many stupid jocks
and Top 40 kids sport their
shirts, or how many times they
play that pseudo-punk corporate

extravaganza the Warped Tour, I
still like Lagwagon. By default I
guess that means I like Bad
Astronaut because there's just no
escaping that lead singer's won-
derful trademark whiny voice.
His new band plays a catchy
brand of pop-rock that sounds
like a cross between Lagwagon
and Elvis Costello, with maybe
a touch of The Smiths and also
some Elton John thrown in (vague
enough?). It's mall-punk with
feelings. And English pop influ-
ence. Among heavier things,
"Acrophobe" features soft
acoustic numbers, piano play-
ing, and an Elliott Smith cover.
Cape manages to demonstrate a
talent for diversity, and his lyric-
writing is still very witty and
dark. The production on this
record is sometimes way too
slick, yet Bad Astronaut still
makes me smile. But hey, I liked
"Hoss."
Jason

BONNIE PRINCE BILLY
*Lase Down the Road
(Palace Music/Drug City)*

Carrying on in the direction set
by its precursor, *I See a Darkness*,
this new album is Will
Oldham's most refined and
accessible work to date. True to

its title, this record is less dreary
(with the exception of "Sheep")
than much of his past work and
finds him heading in a more
laid-back, country-porch-sing-
along direction. A large host of
singers and players come along
for the ride, including long time
Palace associates (David Pajo,
brothers Paul and Ned Oldham)
as well as new ones (such as
Cathy Irwin of *Freakwater*). The
more fleshed-out arrangements
lend a slightly pastoral tone to
the album. The lyrics, as usual,
find Will musing the dreary, grit-
ty undersides of relationships,
but this time around they are
tempered with references to
"wives," "making love," and
"brides and grooms." Strangely,
Will seems happy. If you're look-
ing for some stark, sparse Will
Oldham then this album's sweet-
ness may be too much to take,
but if you ever found yourself
singing along with "Ohio River
Boat Song" but were put off by
Will's sometimes overwrought,
pained singing style, then this
may just be the Will Oldham
record you've been waiting for.

Moses Lavin

CALL AND RESPONSE
*Call and Response
(Kindercore)*

From the Athens, Georgia label
that introduced the world to
"twice" comes a fresh un-twisted
sound from this San Francisco
quintet. Although not twice by
definition, Call and Response is
unthreatening and ready for
consumption by the college set.
Call and Response produce an
understated and sparse jazzy

pop with a definite Burt
Bacharach edge to it. This record
is sprinkled with musical refer-
ences to The Jackson 5,
Motown, insurgent country, and
Vegas-styled lounge jazz as well
as a knowingly served-up nod to
The Carpenters—via a wonder-
ful facsimile of the late Karen
Carpenter's sweet voice and
nostalgic keyboard style. Three
girls and two boys stir this con-
nection to a goey and soppy
consistency and slop it out
warm. A good palate-cleanser to
the brash guitar rock which has
dominated the indie world for
such a long time. As good an
indication as anything that '70s
retro—in song or otherwise—is
happier than ever. Now give me
another serving, because...

MIKEY LIKES IT

THE CHERRY VALENCE
*S/T
(Estrus)*

WOOWZA! This deep-fried
Southern combo of Blue Cheer-
meets-James Brown fanatics is
point-a-double-drummer, double
barrel gun of MC3 madness
straight in your face—watch you
don't get caught in the blast!
Sharing with modern day kin-
dred spirits like The Tight Bros
From Way Back When or even
The Quadrajets their love for
rock 'n' soul, The Cherry
Valence up it a notch with some
nods to late-'60s psychedelia
with tracks like "Take It Easy"
and the keyboard-drenched
"Action! I've Got 'Bootsyakin'
doesn't make you do just that,
my friend. Who better to smash

'em than The Cherry Valence.
Bruce Dunn

DAFT PUNK
*Discovery
(Virgin)*

Daft Punk has captured the
fading earth tones of the '70s
slipping into the cool neon hues
of the early '80s as seen from
the flickering new edge of the
21st century. This is a record
that conjures the reification of
the sitcom and the past expan-
sion of the blockbuster via the
retro urge of domesticated digi-
tal technology. I hear the theme
to *WKRP in Cincinnati*, the disco
remake of "Darth Vader's
Theme," and the pseudo-techno
classical pop of Falco all revved
up to pace the ebb and flow of
high-tech Western urbanism.
Although I may be right, I sus-
pect I'm already not "getting it."
I'd say that this is not pas-
tiche but a new whole, a bona
fide fresh form. Yet I can only
guess what that actually means.
And I'm not confident that Daft
Punk know either. And I can
definitely still see the existing
dance floor coming alive and
getting older bodies moving.
Except the life that will most
likely be supercharged by this
recording is youth. But I don't
mean youth just turning of age.
Rather I mean youth just start-
ing kindergarten or younger.
While it's true that the genera-
tion born at the start of the '70s
may best identify with the basic
thematic sources of this record-
ing, *Discovery* is not for them.
The true cultural energy of this
this recording transmits invokes

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(Scratch # 35)
Breathtaking, tense, urgent,
focused yet loose new album
from the extra-limbed Vancouver
duo. Songs first, we all win.
Out Now!



VOTE ROBOT
In Meorn NA CD
(Scratch # 38)
Old-fi electronic defiant warm
squiggle and space from this
Kelowna duo (and one half of
French Paddleboat!), unceasing
and pleasing both. Out May 21st!

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a new recognition that the aging generation can only just faintly grasp. In other words this is a new recognition summed up by the notion of postmodernism. And I mean it. It seems like most typical commentary on postmodernism fails to understand how much this appraisal is way in advance of a significant historical shift just taking hold. The signs are abundant, but the nitty-gritty transformation itself has only begun to take place. It seems that rather than greater self-consciousness and textual fluidity, postmodernism instead describes both a new form of aesthetic unconsciousness and a substantial infrastructural renovation. This interconnected transformation is not going to be felt by the degree to which it is outwardly recognized but by the degree to which it recedes invisibly into the imagination and is based in everyday practices. The much-ballyhooed negative energy of the slipping center is a reflex of old ways and not a new impulse at all. Of course this doesn't mean we are simply currently living through plain old vanilla modernism. But our present way of life hardly really indicates what will actually be the postmodern either. I reckon that by the time the postmodern fully arrives it will be thoroughly banal because it will be completely present. In the meantime play the record for the youngest person you know and witness the awesome power of history.

Kitty

well-articulated pop-scale (as in a "click" or a "pop") over a Lustmord-ish synth howl. It's like being up in the attic in that movie *The Thing*, but instead of only one wall running from the helicopter there are thousands, and all you can hear are the ice crystals cracking. It's schizophrenic. Even more schizo is "Doylelake," which moves into '80s-ish electronic beats that never pick up an '80s riff. You can see the ice cream, but you can't have it. There's a subtext of sadomasochism here.

This is a sampler (which means that this material has not been released yet), but Andrew does have tracks and albums coming out on Tilt, (D)Ial, Folding Cassette, NSCAD, souRee and his own label, Cognition Audioworks.

Tobias V

FABULOUS DISASTER Put Out or Get Out (Pink & Black)

I listened to this CD all day today trying desperately to think of something to say about it. You see, the first couple of times I liked it—in fact, I liked it a lot. Then I put it in today and it annoyed me. The lyrics are tepid and at points stupid. These chicks have shit to say, but like so many new punk bands they either do it poorly or choose strange topics like "Rich Bitches in Volvos." (I understand, I hate rich bitches in Volvos too [doesn't everyone?], but do they really deserve a whole entire song? Maybe I'm judging *Fabulous Disaster* too harshly, but I could-

n't help thinking that they've got generic punk written all over them. Way to go, girls! Way to break into a male-dominated scene by adopting safe, mid-level, punk stylings. The best thing about this CD is the title. I should mention that the very last song on the CD (it may be a hidden track, I wasn't paying attention) is the best song on the album and is, despite all my previous harshness, worth listening to. CV

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT Group Sounds (Vagrant)

From the opening chords of "Straight American Slave" it appears the dance party is back on track! After a disappointing showing with RTTC and a healthy break while Interscope cleaned house and the boys searched for a new drummer, the rejuvenated force behind the San Diego six is alive and kicking. The aforementioned title bristles with feverish anticipation that any second your body will bust a move and never look back.

Looking ahead is all they're concerned with now, as a glance over the lyrics of songs like "Dead Seeds" ("bastard fire burns clean no regrets"), and "Spitting" ("wrap me in your sins and numb me to the world/I keep spitting harder") attest. Feeling the need to experiment, the band takes some chances on "Carne Yoodoo" and "Venom Venom," throwing in some extended jams to close out the songs. They also appear to be taking influences from their ear-

lier records and breathing new life into them: "Dead Seeds" (imagine "Ditchdigger" or "Haiball Alley" from *Circa Now!*), or "S.O.S." (a lost track from *Scum Drama Scum*, perhaps?), or "Savior Fire" which borrows a driving riff from "I Drink Blood" (a compilation track found on *All Systems Go 2*) and fuses a berserk horn arrangement to fuel the fire. Thirteen new testaments for a new rock 'n' roll bible as rewritten by Rocket From The Crypt—believe it baby!

Bryce Dunn

VOTE ROBOT In Meorn NA (Scratch)

I don't know a damn thing about Vote Robot. A search on the internet didn't do much good, except for a goofy little interview with the same Vote Robot talking about how they used to be in a straightedge hardcore band called Youth Knights when they were fourteen. But I guess the point of music isn't exactly to know the people, it's to know music. And not know it in that pretentious "You mean you haven't HEARD OF VOTE ROBOT BEFORE?" kind of way. Music magic. Like Vote Robot. Bleepy frenetic static nonsense with keyboard fuck-up titles like "npl wry" and "mtae iora" which may well be some witty ironic diagrams, but who the hell am I anyway? Nothin'. Nobody. And In Meorn NA is a good album too.

Lindsay S

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ANDREW DUKE

SIFT Sampler
(Cognition Audioworks)

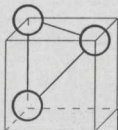
For those of you who don't know Mr. Duke, he has been one of the leading international online radio show hosts in cutting edge electronic music. His show *Cognition Audioworks*, which airs live on campus/community station CKDU out of Halifax and syndicated around the world, places Canada squarely on the map as a hotbed of innovation. It's about time us northern artists shared some of the limelight. This quirky release that at times abuses my brain with off-key filtered sounds and Oval-esque pops, that moves into the weird crunching metal monster of synth keyboard perversion—well, people should be turning more heads to see how weird we are. We can be as cool as anyone in, say, San Francisco in the domestic music game.

Duke's digital manipulations are involved and complex. Track two, "Crablike," actually invoked a physical reaction at higher volumes. I felt sick. But it was good, oh so good. There are some sorts of sounds, like those currently found on mille plateaux, and within the microsound genre, that are designed to warp the neurochemicals in the head into configurations not intended by the manufacturer. Such are these tracks. Duke has been producing since the '80s and this shows on the production quality in tracks like "chromosome" that project a

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(sugar refinery)
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(f) trio
(5) jeff sulima's
(28) jazzmatic
(5) every sunday
(29) kaizen
(some kind of
groove laden jazz)
(tues) 7-9
(may) ryan knighton
(61) book launch
reading + music
10pm parallella
jazz (every tuesday)
hosted by skye
brooks + masanai
(sat) 7-9 cinebik
film makers forum
10pm human hi-life
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(h) 03 - battery opera
(f) 04 golden wedding
band
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(s) 05 laura crema
quartet
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doing music
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w30 lily froot
(f) 31 dorothy
(f) 04 golden wedding
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THE RESIDENTS PRESENT ICKY FLIX Thursday, March 29

The Commodore
I used to have this fantasy about *The Residents*, see, I secretly hoped that, in their non-anonymous non-performative personas, they were, well, women. After all, any truly radical attempt to conceal identity would have to tackle the most basic identifier of all: gender. Switching their audience's perceptions for 30 years would be quite the feat indeed.

But from the second "they" appeared on the Commodore's stage, it was apparent to me that *The Residents'* dress-up games are just that. Who cares "who" they really are? They're boy creatures (and one guest girl creature, who doesn't even enjoy the privilege of anonymity) singing warped parodies of boy-meets-girl songs. Boyresident screamed into the mic and played the saxophone. Girlresident did a goofy little hippie dance when she wasn't singing backups. Oh my god, how totally radical is that!

The concept behind *Icky Flix* is as follows: a giant video screen behind the performers

displays an "interactive menu" featuring the titles of *Residents* videos. The audience screams out requests. (I suspect, however, that the playlist was pre-determined and we only had the illusion of choice.) Then the band plays their "hits" while the video is projected behind them, making for an eerie performative scenario that made me feel like I was watching *City Limits* (remember?) during a high school assembly.

"Kick a Picnic" and "Gingbread Man" seemed to be the psychedelic faves of the reefer-damaged audience. My own epiphany was a little different. When they started performing their cover of "It's A Man's Man's Man's World," it suddenly struck me that the population inside the building was about 90% male (including the waitresses and barmaids). I began to feel uncomfortable. I remembered that when I was 12 and heard their version of this James Brown standard for the first time, I had been enraged, thinking it an anti-feminist statement. But watching Girlresident perform it, I felt a sublime transformation take place. Skinny and neon, she swooped

around the stage and switched up the already ambiguous song to perfection.

It's easy to credit the most visible performer with the bril-



TOO FAST FOR THE CAMERA: TIGHT BROS FROM WAY
BACK WHEN AT THE PIC • PHOTO BY CASEY B

liance of a performance. Maybe if she had been costumed like the rest of the band (ie, in full-body black wetsuits instead of a miniskirt and belly-shirt) I wouldn't be so instantly inclined to say she saved the evening. Think about it.

Barbara

LEATHERFACE HOT WATER MUSIC SMALL BROWN BIKE RED LIGHT STING Tuesday, April 3

Grandview Legion
Ah, bless those bus drivers. Nothing like a 90 minute walk to pump one up for a rockin' good time at the old punk rock show. No, wait. That should read *fuck* those bus drivers. The walk does nothing of the sort. But I digress.

Red Light Sting started

tainly did. Maybe it's that I don't like At the Drive-In. I think it would be somewhat safe to say Red Light Sting does. If only a tiny, tiny bit.

Next was **Small Brown Bike**. This was much better, much more of a semblance to music. Apt for the show, they sound quite a bit like *Hot Water Music*, only better. Up-tempo post-hardcore sort of stuff. More than capable. Not super great.

Leatherface are fucking gods. I can't imagine why they never headline their shows, but perhaps a scant half-hour of playing is their physical limit. Yes, the moniker becomes more and more ironic as Frankie Stubbs ages. Restless, if not energetic, he paced up and down rather than flailing spasmodically like the emo kids do. He could play this shit in his sleep. New stuff, old stuff, I can't tell the difference. Great set (if short), great band—the reason everyone was there. No consumer goods.

Batting cleanup, **Hot Water Music**. Outta Gainesville, Florida, on the ever-expanding Epitaph roster, they are a widely-known, quite popular band. I don't get it. On CD, they have never really grabbed me. Live, they still haven't. All songs start off fine, plenty energy, and fade fast into breakdown after lethargic breakdown. Their whole set, observed Steve, was one long breakdown. The heat and humidity soared as we were lulled into a stupor by

drawn-out songs, dual vocalists with identical, indistinct raspy shouts, and no apparent time constraints. Three times as long as *Leatherface*. I swear.

Leatherface, man. Let's not kid ourselves. Once they finished, I'd seen what needed seeing. Frankie ages by the second, but he will never die. It's what he does: plays guitar and croaks.

Trevor Fielding

JAD FAIR ADULT RODEO CAPOZZI PARK Wednesday, April 4 Starfish Room

The room was pretty empty. I mean for *Jad Fair's* first appearance in Vancouver in about four years, it was REALLY empty—about 20 people, tops. Chalk it up to both the first few days of the transit strike and to it being a midweek show. These two facts weren't going to spoil my enjoyment of the artist described by *The Village Voice* as "kindergarten's answer to punk."

I got there fashionably late and missed most of *Capozzi Park's* set. I'd seen them quite a few times and find their stage presence lacking—even though their recorded output (the *Mark* stuff, especially) is pretty good. *Capozzi Park* should have been a perfect opening band. However, my low expectations weren't raised any further when frontman *Mark Szabo* started taking backhanded shots at *Fair* and his tour open-

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ers, **Adult Rodeo**, in between their last few songs. One word: unclassy.

Mr. T's Cabaret, a four-piece from Fair's current hometown of Austin, Texas, was up and performing in short order and had the 20-strong bobbing their heads and tapping their feet no time. Their funk-heavy arrangements of rock, punk, blues, and country tunes even had a handful of those 20-strong up on the dance floor bobbing their heads by about three-quarters through their set. The most conspicuous groover was Fair himself, who, during the punkier songs, was spazzing like a little kid on too much sugar. **Adult Rodeo** ended with an epic country twang number that featured haphazardly wicked lap steel work by the lead guitarist. That song bled into a take-no-prisoners punk thrash which left the crowd sufficiently primed—maybe too primed—for **Jad Fair's** set.

The first half of Fair's set featured himself and his partner alone on stage. Fair reciting spoken word prose and poetry about "human zoos" and love being like a boombox as his techno-rock sideman pulled weird screeches and drum beats out of a little black box. Fair gestured and recited seriously to the audience—every now and then speaking into a second distortion mic. He said in his palm—as if he were one of those traveling preachers from the turn of the (last) century, preaching eternal hellfire for sinners. However, the rest of Fair's spoken word spiel added a levity that simultaneously put you at ease and made you wonder if he was one bricky shit. The spoken word lasted about half hour of raunchy cowpunk and hard pop tunes which featured Fair yelling at the top of his lungs, then speaking, while sitting in front of the centre stage monitor. He then stood up to start a new song or to accentuate a particularly raunchy number, but mostly he sat. As the set drew to an end, Fair slid closer to the end of the stage, until he was finally dangling both feet over the edge, looking as though he might melt off the stage into a puddle on the Starfish's wooden dance floor. The set ended as abruptly as it began amid polite, but not raucous (unlike the music), cheering. Everyone went home because they didn't want to miss the last SkyTrain. Well, I didn't want to walk the 45 minutes home, so pop on your Believe me, **Jad** would've defended me on this one—likely with some story about how fun train rides are.

Mike

**THE LOCUST
TOURETTES LAUTREC
WITNESS PROTECTION
PROGRAM**

MERCURY THE WINGED MESSENGER

Tuesday, April 10

Mr. T's Cabaret
Kudos to the staff of Ms. T's for being able to withstand a night of eardrum shredding and to the packed house for showing up on a weeknight with next to no promotion.

After telling my friend **Jan** from **Mercury The Winged Messenger** that I had missed them and was going to write a review for the gig, I jokingly remarked that I would put in the obligatory "showed up late and missed the first band" quote—so here 'tis! The alternate suggestion I got "got too drunk and missed the headline" unfortunately didn't apply. Hopefully I'll get to catch you guys before you decide to pack it in.

The Witness Protection Program were up next and assaulted us with their disjointed post-rock. A little too much time was spent tuning, but I enjoyed the last couple of numbers 'cuz of the toe-tapping appeal. **San Diego's Tourettes Lautrec** surprised the heck out of me—super cool B-52s-meets-Red Aunts keyboard rock. Love that Vox bass sound, it really anchored the mix and got a lot of heads bobbin'.

Then it was time for our screamo buddies **The Locust**, and it is just me, or did the audience become just a tad ridiculous with all the heckling? I've read in interviews that these San Diegans are notoriously confrontational, but honestly it felt better when the heckling is semi-intelligent and not semi-anime. A circle pit seemed to be the next best thing, but the cozy confines proved problematic to keeping the band's sound intact. When **The Locust** did erupt, it was with lightning-fast distortion riffs punctuated with sci-fi organ breaks, stopping on a dime long enough that the bassist could introduce songs with absurd titles like "Gluing Carpet To Your Genitals Does Not Make You A Cantaloupe." This is one group who knows the if you "get it," you're hanging on for dear life, and if you don't, you're choking on dust. For me, the jury's still out.

Bryce Dunn

LOW DANIELSON FAMILIE Thursday, April 12 Starfish Room

My favourite friend **Tom Peacock** moved to the other side of the country. His last night in town was the same night as this show. He's kind of a bitch, always late, always slow. I said I'd take him out to dinner to say goodbye, so we went to some restaurant with televisions so we could watch the hockey game. It was late. I knew it was going to be an early show. I feel bad if I say I'm going to do something and don't do it. I promised that I was going to see the show. I ate too fast and felt kind of sick. I kept saying, "I have to go, I

have to go." Tom said, "No. No you don't. C'mon. This is the last night you'll ever see it." Our friend **Jan** said, "Who cares? Just write a Low haiku." I thought of my friend **Gabby**, who also fed the country, leaving me with a farewell poem: "List women in light/Abinet's guitar glimmers/What a Ponce!" That garbage just makes me miss him, and I wasn't going to miss Low. I didn't care really, it's just that I said I'd go. They tried to convince me to go upstairs to **Brandi's**, a classy little strip joint. It would've been nice to give **Tom** a lap dance. No, no, I mean buy him one, one with big boobs, like a girl. He would've liked that. But they wouldn't have let me into the place. They have a dress code and I look like a scum bag. So I shook my head, put on my coat, and said goodbye. No need to drag it out. I walked out the door and started running. I don't know why. It's not that I wanted to go to the show. I just had to get out of there. It was cold, too, and I was running fast. You'd think I'd know the streets of this town by now, but I don't. I just kept running east, and maybe I ran fast enough, I'd beat **Tom's** plane and meet him at the airport in Quebec the next day. I got to the club and ran up the stairs. It was quiet, like a Sunday morning in Utah. It was the middle of "We Are Night," and my glasses started fogging up. I peered through the arms tangled around waists, lips pressed against temples, fingernotches on my teeth, and I could see the head of **Zak Sally's** bass. I stared at the hollow of the T, and the aluminum reflected the red and green lights straight into my eyes. They were like "We are goodnight, and my face felt wet. No, no I wasn't crying. I was sweating from all that running, and my eyes were just watering from the aluminum glare. Then the show ended. **Tom's** gone. We lost the hockey game.

Christa Min

SOME EVAPORATORS THE TONICS THE SKABLINS THE GOBLINS Friday, April 20 Ms. T's Cabaret

Near the end of the **Evaporators'** set **Nardwar** thanked us for touching the sweat and grabbing the family jewels. I hadn't grabbed his package, but with that much crowdswearing, someone was bound to. **Ms. T's Cabaret** was really really hot inside. It made me sweat, but even more importantly it made the bands sweat. Most of all, it made **Nardwar** sweat. He kept changing clothes and drenching each outfit in turn, then he'd crowdsurf, and I could feel the slickness on my hands until I wiped them on the guy in front of me.

The drummer from **The Tonic's** sweated too. His black shirt went from matte to glossy over the course of the show. The guy was like the minimum-mum-goo in a **Nardwar**

sandwich, jammed like a cozy four-piece of salami and cheese between two hearty slices of **Goblins** and **Evaporators**. They sang about scooters and minis. They were awesome, except for the drunken guy in the black hair 'n' jacket who kept on trying to smash with me. But he left, so it rocked.

Oh, and during **The Goblins'** set, no one in the crowd did the **Tornado!** You all suck for not doing the **Tornado!**

Grimme

ATOM AND HIS PAKAGE HAR MAR SUPERSTAR MR. SOLID

**Saturday, April 21
Seylunn Hall**
There is nothing to do in North Vancouver. Except skateboarding. And go to **Seylunn Hall** and watch **Atom** on the weekends. Shows in the gym seem to be happening less frequently than they did in 1994. That was the last time I went there.

They stamped my hand. I

remember when those used to stain my skin, blue and purple, layered like a bruise, and I wouldn't wash my hands with soap, and I'd draw fake tattoos on my arms with ink pens, so the blue would last forever. The floor was as dirty as it was seven years ago. Sticky and dull from the mud of army boots. They've added black lights since then, but the sound is still shitty. So I couldn't really tell what **Mr. Solid** was singing. In between songs, one of the boys said something about a killer whale. "I'll miss **Bjossa**. I remember when she used to lick the peanut butter off my balls when I was nine years old." **Mr. Solid** writes the kind of punk songs that always have a pause in the middle that's long enough for them to jump, but short enough to end before they land.

I sat on the floor for part of their set. I got up when I heard some guy with a cape yell, "Come closer! This is going to

be the best fucking shit you'll ever hear!" **Har Mar Superstar** was out of hand. Lots of songs about wet ass, a brilliant one minute **Fiona Apple** cover, and hot dance moves while he sang along with a CD player. "Let's hear it for me!" he yelled. **Har Mar** (aka **Sean Na Bar**) looks like **Danzig** but fatter and balder, maybe a little taller. You are insane—Ed.] He sings like **Keith Sweat**.

The girls were starting to swoon. But I swear they would've let **Atom** take off their striped tight with his teeth. But he prefers the older, naturally coloured hair type. Like **Enya**. Still, the girls were so excited that I kept getting hit in the eye by flying mohawks. **Atom's** right about a lot of things. Death to gallons and miles. Shame on the Cleveland Indians. Hats off to **Halford**. That's America.

We Hate Randall

AT LARGE Entertainment

PRESENTS...

MONDAY MAY 7, 2001

Jets to Brazil

THE LOVE SCENE / THE GIMMICKS

The Ice House • Victoria B.C.
\$12 adv. @ Ditch, Lyles Place, & The Icehouse.
Door 9:30pm/Show 10:00pm

THURSDAY MAY 10, 2001

EXCLAIM! presents

Qwest of the LOW

THE WEAKER THANS

Vertigo • Victoria B.C.
\$15 adv. @ Ditch, Lyles Place, & Vertigo.
Door 9:30pm/Show 10:00pm

WEDNESDAY MAY 23, 2001

DIGITAL HARDCORE RECORDING ARTISTS

Plus Guests

The Starfish Room • 1055 Homer Street
TIX @ Scratch, Zulu, Highlife, Noize.
Door 9:00pm/Show 9:30pm

FRIDAY JUNE 8, 2001

RED HOUSE PAINTERS

Plus Guests

The Starfish Room • 1055 Homer Street
\$15 adv. @ Scratch, Zulu, Highlife, Noize.
Door 9:30pm/Show 9:30pm

SUNDAY JUNE 10, 2001

ALL AGES!

CFOX PRESENTS THE EPITAPH "PUNKORAMA" TOUR

GUTTER MOUTH

US BOMBS UNION 13

DEVIATES

The Grandview Legion
2205 Commercial Dr.
TIX 15 @ Scratch, Zulu, Highlife & Noize. Door 6:30pm/Show 7:00pm

MONDAY JUNE 18, 2001

SUB POP RECORDING ARTISTS

ESBULL

CHERRY VALENCE

Plus Guests

The Starfish Room • 1055 Homer Street
\$12 adv. @ Scratch, Zulu, Highlife, Noize.
Door 9:00pm/Show 9:30pm

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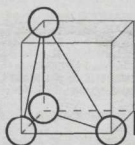


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charts

what's being played at citr

May Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| 1 sadies | tremendous efforts | bloodshot |
| 2 rocket from the crypt | group sounds | vagrant |
| 3 black halos | the violent years | sub pop |
| 4 guided by voices | isolation drills | tvf |
| 5 kinski | be gentle with... | pacifico |
| 6 michie mee | don't wanna be your slave | kach |
| 7 wagon christ | musical | ninja tune |
| 8 oh susanna | sleepy little sailor | square dog |
| 9 les sequelles | et tant pis si cela... | grendaine |
| 10 new pornographers | mass romantic | mint |
| 11 talvin singh | ha | island |
| 12 tijana bibles | apartment wrestling | trophy |
| 13 st. etienne | interlude | sub pop |
| 14 señor coconut | el gran baile | emperor norton |
| 15 papillomas | when years were... | hub city |
| 16 download | effector | netwerk |
| 17 ladytron | 604 | emperor norton |
| 18 polygon window | surfing on sine waves | warp |
| 19 tipsy | uh oh | asphodel |
| 20 phantom 309 | 3000 crooked miles | island |
| 21 pixies | complete b sides | 4ad |
| 22 creeper lagoon | take back the universe... | dreamworks |
| 23 breakstra | the live mix pt 2 | stones throw |
| 24 yo la tengo | dan electro ep | matador |
| 25 hawksley workman | the delicious wolves | universal |
| 26 ray condo | high and wild | joaquin |
| 27 saul duck | superstitious motorcades | independent |
| 28 mad bombers society | a-tom-i-c a-g-o-g-o | embalmer |
| 29 arab strap | the red thread | matador |
| 30 the bobbyteens | not so sweet | estrus |
| 31 ani difranco | revelling/reckoning | righteous babe |
| 32 black box recorder | the facts of life | jetset |
| 33 shuggie otis | inspiration information | luaka bop |
| 34 be good tanyas | the blue horse | independent |
| 35 kiyoshi mizutani | birdsongs | ground fault |

May Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 evaporators | hank the horn | nardwuar |
| 2 the exploders | what's what & who's who | teenage usa |
| 3 new town animals | lose that girl | mint |
| 4 film school | s/t | me too |
| 5 abbc | elevator baby | wabana |
| 6 the shut-ups | haul off and smack your ass | junk |
| 7 the valentine killers | let it burn | junk |
| 8 huli/travoltas | s/t | coldfront |
| 9 automaton adventure series | s/t | galleon key |
| 10 riff randells | who says girls can't rock | mint |
| 11 removal | 1 of 10 | removal all music |
| 12 projektor | double dragon | independent |
| 13 zikzak | anna li | bitter |
| 14 jello biafra | the green wedge | alternative tentacles |
| 15 the peeps | stiletto | lipstick |
| 16 buddy bradley | the end of the day | cuckies tales |
| 17 lupine howl | 125 | vinyl hiss |
| 18 the killingtons | 3ep | redwood |
| 19 alan sparhawk/charles atlas | split | star star stereo |
| 20 red monkey | get uncivilised | troubleman |

May Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 emerald city | 4 song demo |
| 2 tennessee twin | oh darkness |
| 3 gray's anatomy | no chocolate for tyson |
| 4 rheem ruud family | pang ping |
| 5 nicely nicely | it's me, not yours |
| 6 victory gin | tired |
| 7 triple word score | too far gone |
| 8 joel | heart X 50' woman |
| 9 uneven steps | postcard from the depths of shame |
| 10 the radio | cowgirl blues |
| 11 jumpstart | worthwhile |
| 12 panty boy | sea hag |
| 13 dreamy angel | laundromat queen |
| 14 sleepy junes | everyday |
| 15 spinoffs | don't stalk my sister |
| 16 cardinals | walk don't run |
| 17 squares elite | around the capital |
| 18 panacea | lesson |
| 19 mr plow | rock star |
| 20 bad apple | life is rough |

THINGS I HATE

1. tara } tied.
2. tristan }
3. olives
4. hockey
5. feta cheese
6. clutter
7. dust
8. dogs
9. salsa
10. the colour beige

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "May" charts reflect airplay over April). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unlkg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

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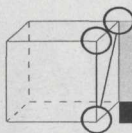
Palm is proud to announce the re-launch of the Quango label. The forward thinking global grooves that scratched their way through speakers from 1995 through 1997 are back. The Quango catalogue of compilations and artist albums are widely acknowledged as being ahead of their time and included the first *Kruter* and *Dorfmeister* EP and *Talvin Singh's* ANOKHA. Fast forward to 2001 and a series of releases that further push the notion of a global future sound. Featuring tracks from a combination of now-known (*Jazzanova*, *Fila Brazillia*, *Tosca*) and soon-

to-be known artists (*The Funky Lowmies*, *Radar*, *Kaidi Tatham*), Quango continues to be on the leading edge of global culture.

E-mail: discorder@yahoo.com and enter to win a promotional Quango 2001 sampler featuring tracks from artists like *Jazzanova*, *Tosca*, *Black Star Liner*, *Akasha*, *Stoppa & Nobby*, *Kaidi Tatham*, *SK Radicals* and *Mr. Gone*. Keep your eyes peeled for these upcoming Quango releases: *Cosmic Funk*, *Mystic Groove*, *Brazilified*, *Space Jazz*, *Dub Selector*, *Lush Life* Electronic.



www.quango.com



on the dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

May 13: Guest composer Jocelyn Morlock

May 27: Special guest Peter Hannan

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae innos styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop

[Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.], '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

HELLO INDIA 6:00-8:00PM **GEETANJALI** 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip-Hop—

Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seonisi, and J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:00-2:00AM Time to wind down? Lay back in the chill-out room. Trance, house, and special guest DJs with hosts Dexter and Nasty.

FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno, and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es salsa!

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a

savory blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge, and ambience.

LOUD, FAST, AND AGING RAPIDLY alt. 11:00-1:00PM

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED alt. 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancunt is in training for Olympic party athletics—soon to be a gold medalist in drinking, drug taking, and reckless sex.

BLACK NOIZE alt. 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Nai X still sez: "Fuck You, My Mom!"

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the B-Birds and some other goodness, give-aways, and gab.

FILL-IN alt. 6:00-7:30PM **REEL TO REEL** alt. 6:00-6:30PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

FILL-IN alt. 6:30-7:30PM **BY THE WAY** 7:30-9:00PM

I don't know what I'm up to anymore. I play lots of odd German electronics, some 7's, and a demo here and there. Go figure.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-susie Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

May 7: *Pleasure Bent*, a very rare album by some lesser known but talented players on the New York scene in the early '60s. A line quintet led by tenor saxophonist/composer Roland Alexander.

May 14: A birthday tribute to one of the founders of jazz, the great clarinetist/soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet.

May 21: Pianist/composer Andrew Hill's first recording in over 10 years. *Dusk* is heard tonight and is an everybody's "must have" list!

May 28: The beat goes on even though Gavin is away!

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ. **PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES** 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

Bluesgrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock!

A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourage that is Rock and Roll!

Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal! <3rdcham@home.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

CONTEMPORARY 1:00-2:00PM Music and poetry for jackasses.

C.F.R. 2:00-3:30PM

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6AM											6AM
7	REGGAE LINKUP	SALARIO MINIMO	PACIFIC PICKIN'	THE ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	SHADOW AT DAWN	FILLIN'				7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE	THE MEZZANINE FLOOR						8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT		END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED					9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	FOOL'S PARADISE	THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE				10
11				THE NORTHERN WISH	CANADIAN LUNCH						11
12PM	ROCKERS SHOW	GIRLFOOD	BLUE MONDAY	ANOIZE	STEVE & MIKE	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SOULSISTAH RADIO				12PM
1		LOUD, FAST, AND AGING RAPIDLY									1
2		PARTS UNKNOWN	CONTEMPORARY	THE SHAKE	THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW	HIGH ON GRASS	POWERCHORD				2
3			C.P.R.	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW						3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED	FROM QUEEN (Pv)	MOTORDADDY	THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW	NARDWUAT PRESENTS	CODE BLUE				4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	EVIL VS. GOOD	THE MEATEATING VEGAN (Ec)		THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW						5
6	QUEER FM	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	10,000 VOICES (Tk)	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (Tk)	NOOZE & ARTS (Tk)	HEARSAY				6
7		FILLIN'	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	RADIO FREE AMERICA				7
8		BY THE WAY	ANNABOUOLA (Vg)	REPLICA REJECT	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH				8
9	HELLO INDIA		A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOMEBOSS	PIPE DREAMS				9
10	GEETANJALI	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	SOUL TREE				10
11	THE SHOW						THE RED EYE				11
12AM	CHILL-OUT ROOM	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	AURAL TENTACLES	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	EARWAX				12AM
1		PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES		FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM			REGGAE LINKUP				1
2											2
3											3
4	FILL-IN										4
5											5
6											6

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop • Hk= Hans Kloss • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • M= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk • Re= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

PROM QUEEN 3:30-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30 (Last Tuesday of each month.)

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM
10:00M VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

ANNABOUBOULA (formerly Radio Ellenikathiko) 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio. www.angelite.com/cfr/annabouboula

A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00AM Bringing you new Chris Yltras's LOVE DEMO alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Phat platter, slim chatter.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

THE ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! cubedradio.com/98088.com

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local acts.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM The manatee is my spirit animal. Me da fagita.

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Bleek presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmentally-activist news and spoken word with some music. corbelsong.com

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Sleazebunny, low, sushi... these are a few of our fave-ch-wit things. (First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mispel!

cdskicosis@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhangra! "Chokki de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

THE MEZZANINE FLOOR 6:30-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW 10:00-11:30AM

Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems, interviews, and special guests with your host Christy.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander. Balin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby! (hardcore)

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM On Hix! Will the ladies return? Stay tuned.

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velourist! DJ Helmi Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.sustainmobility.com/dinas/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily attired host Gary Olsen. criplup55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitiche with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trolling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to cdjika@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice, A.V. Shock, and Promo bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beatland trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:00PM

NARDWAAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rowkin' in the free world and have a good breakfast. Rock on, Nardwaar and Cleopatra Yee Hufflestein.

NOOZE AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Neath. Techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-6:00AM Watch this space as the Morning After Show hopefully moves to a new day and time!

FILL-IN 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8:00AM: African/World roots, 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SOULSISTAR HOUR 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, Gerald Rottelhead, Dwein, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban brag honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJFC (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree (I welcome back Michael).

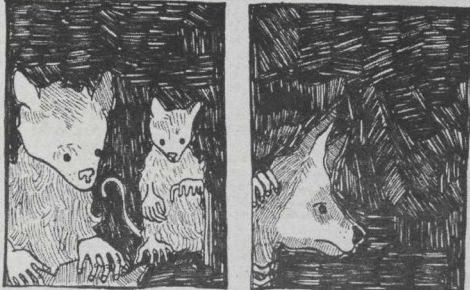
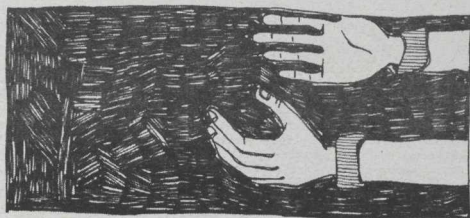
PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

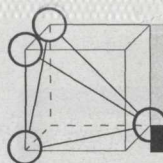
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dam headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when i free da jazz..." Out-Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

kick around may 2001
Scott & Mylin



listen to citr online!
www.citr.ca



datebook

what's happening in may

FRI APRIL 27

richard buckner, joel r l phelps@crocodile cafe (seattle); dbs, radio berlin, the coast, the silent treatment@starfish; the gimicks, new town animals, the backstabbers@pic; here/there, the seeming and the meaning@video in; drop body=asphalt@blinding light!!!; bruno hubert trio@sugar refinery

SAT APRIL 28

CITR PRESENTS THE BUILDING PRESS, THE KINDLING COLLECTION, TRAIL VS RUSSIANMS. Y'S CABARET, rocket from the crypt, the explosion, (international) noise conspiracy@commodore; portrait/self portrait, the seeming and the meaning //@video in; drop body=asphalt@blinding light!!!; jeff sulimo's jazzmatic@sugar refinery

SUN APRIL 29

econoline crush, godsmack, cardinal offishall@plaza of nations; reinke and henricks, audio topic@video in; covenant@richard's; japanese independent super 8@blinding light!!!; kaizen@sugar refinery

MON APRIL 30

henry dick and evelyn law@el coccal restaurant; buck 65@sonar

TUES MAY 1

sky dent@orpheus; the invisible men, the hate bombs@pic; the mekons, joel r l phelps and the downer trio@graceland (seattle); nelson@dv8; skater philosophy: 20 conversations for a dollar, skatershots@blinding light!!!; ryan knighton book launch (7pm), parallel jazz (10pm)@sugar refinery

WED 2

old 97's@starfish room; russ wainwright, tegana and sarah@richard's; skater philosophy: 20 conversations for a dollar, skatershots@blinding light!!!; cineworks filmmakers' forum (7pm), human hi-life rest (10pm)@sugar refinery

THUR 3

j masic and the fog, love as laughter@richard's; ensemble symposium@western front; the anathema project, anansi@rendezvous tavern (seattle); meesoo lee video launch: bad hair day at blinding light!!!; lazy dog@sonar; battery opera@sugar refinery

FRI 4

flogging molly@graceland (seattle, all ages); the paperboys, old blind dogs, slainte mhath, carolyn mark@croatian cultural centre; crispin glover in the orky kid, the beaver kid, and wild geese@blinding light!!!; suicidal tendencies, even rude, wretch@starfish room; queer as folk 2@pacific cinema@theque; dj swamp@sonar; golden wedding band@sugar refinery

SAT 5

jets to brazil, the love scene@graceland (seattle, all-ages); sharon shannon, the paperboys trio, linda mcrae@croatian cultural centre; nordic trax presents inside w/lazy transmissions cd release party@sonar; wild goose yourself@blinding light!!!; laura crema quartet@sugar refinery; suicidal tendencies@slam city jam (pacific coliseum)

SUN 6

mirah, the sissies, dear nora, operation makeout, the skin-jobs@ms. i's cabaret; dramatic expressions@culchik; folk implosion, alaska, loo barlow@graceland (seattle); plan 10 from outer space@blinding light!!!; jurassic 5@slam city jam (pacific coliseum)

MON 7

wagon christ@sonar

TUES 8

ashley park, marshmallow coast, of montreal@starfish; simon preston@holy rosary cathedral; breaking ground towards an empowered filipino community: filipino contributions to asian heritage month@culchik; i sold my soul on ebay@blinding light!!!

WEDS 9

idlewild, placebo@commodore; jamie thines@1082 granville; i sold my soul on ebay@blinding light!!!; future of music festival@sugar refinery

THURS 10

flybanger@richard's; dj skintula, il cowan, radical cheerleaders, submission hold@culchik; elle'ecritycity feat. dj leanne, payton rule & trefrejon, unspoken, deep, m.z. chevious, karine zamor and kinetic step, dj binhex@sonar; byo8@blinding 26 MAY 2001

light!!!; north of america, novillero, projektor, hot little rocket, mico@ms. i's cabaret; future of music festival@sugar refinery

FRI 11

lowest of the low, the weakerthens, the waifs@commodore; kinie star and the handsome boyz 3, che chapter 127@culchik; the royal grand prix, clover honey@railway; handsome boy modelling school feat. prince paul, dan the automator, a-trak@sonar; women in music showcase feat. kairain, sarah chavers, loupey luft and the amalia band@mc's; queer as folk 2@pacific cinema@theque; what these ashes wanted@blinding light!!!; dr. didg@starfish room; future of music festival@sugar refinery; smugglers, duotang, new town animals, carolyn mark, tennessee twin@pic

SAT 12

CITR PRESENTS ANTI-FLAG, THE UNSEEN, JERSEY, AND ONE MAN ARMY@GRANDVIEW LEGION; valentine killers, loudmouths, the hatchbacks, the pricks@pic; frank black and the catholic@vogue; sunlikestar, morning maker, score, booti dharna and monochrome@web cafe; portal@culchik; hinterland@purple union; bombay one cd release party@sonar; wretch, limestone, m. underhill, strong like tractor, grove@rickyard; queer as folk 2@pacific cinema@theque; fo, zool (the making of a fiction film)@blinding light!!!; salteas, vancouver nights, weights and measures, christine fellows, snailhouse@ms. i's cabaret; future of music festival@sugar refinery

SUN 13

the come-ons@ftr@pic; decide, marduk, gorguts, all out war@graceland (seattle, all-ages); the films of charles and ray eames@blinding light!!!

MON 14

badly drawn boy@commodore

TUE 15

mark knopfler@queen elizabeth theatre; autechre, rob hall, russell haines@sonar; digital underground@vetbar; keiji haino@western front; bocephus king homecoming show@railway; homenagem a baden powell@blinding light!!!

WED 16

homenagem a baden powell@blinding light!!!; ranchfest@sugar refinery

THUR 17

CITR PRESENTS BELL HAMMOND, ILEY DREAD@RICHARD'S; big john bates, the dead cats, uncle harley@pic; the living and, tsunami bomb@starfish; john korsrud's electric quintet@cellar; stereophonics@commodore; criters buggin, apes of wrath@purple union; homenagem a baden powell@blinding light!!!; dynamo productions feat. andy smith, scott hendry@sonar; ranchfest@sugar refinery

FRI 18

duncan sheik, fisher@richard's; homenagem a baden powell@blinding light!!!; ranchfest@sugar refinery

SAT 19

jose carreras@orpheus; the dirtmints@railway; big john bates, the dead cats, uncle harley@pic; clover honey, operation make-out, ackley kid, the ewoks@ms. i's cabaret; cool, solarbaby@sugar refinery; moral crux, wayward youth, day by day@gibsons (seattle); homenagem a baden powell@blinding light!!!; ranchfest@sugar refinery

SUN 20

city girls' boys, dee dee ramone@starfish; the billihilly band@wise hall; half life of none, ruckus, manplant@gibsons (seattle); saul williams@sonar; the films of charles and ray eames@blinding light!!!; unrefined@sugar refinery

MON 21

ivan and tarun@the naam, ranchfest@sugar refinery

TUES 22

angst at large, narmada diary@blinding light!!!; ranchfest@sugar refinery

WED 23

ben harper, jack johnson@paz; charlie hunter@richard's; yo-yo ma@orpheus; ec8or@starfish; bluebird north@vancouver rowing club; angst at large, narmada diary@blinding light!!!; ranchfest@sugar refinery

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE JUNE ISSUE, DEADLINE IS MAY 29
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

THUR 24

train@starfish; heart beats red, rae, a luna red, le petite morte@ms. i's cabaret; temperedcast, low end, counter fist@gibsons (seattle); mint royale, organic audio@sonar; ranchfest@sugar refinery

FRI 25

gob, the black halos, lefty@vogue; submission hold, heart beats red, jerk with a bomb@tba; the getdown syndrome, the nearly deads, the lonesome teardrops@gibsons (seattle); millhouse, pip-eitter, the fakes@gibson's (seattle); ranchfest@sugar refinery

SAT 26

april wine@commodore; the b-movie rats, slender@pic; tart gallery opening: "packaging is everything"@tart gallery; steve kimock band@2louies ballroom (blaine); darrel woodson@sonar; ranchfest@sugar refinery

SUN 27

roots, rhymes and resistance //@western front; david byrne@commodore; steve kimock band@richard's

MON 28

david gray@commodore; dj dove and seansk@purple union

WED 30

lily frost@sugar refinery

THUR 31

nashville pussy, tricky woo, sixty watt shaman@richard's; yam, firebrat, san pedro circus@gibsons (seattle); the flo sport fashion show@sonar; dorothy@sugar refinery

SPECIAL EVENTS

ASIAN HERITAGE MONTH

listen to citr 101.9fm! we're presenting eight hours of asian heritage month programming on may 17th, 4pm to midnight. citr djs, interviews, live performers, and more!

MAYWORKS 2001

the 13th annual festival of working class culture and politics is here from april 27-may 16. here are our picks from this busy, busy schedule:

april 28: perogie festival (britannia community centre, 6pm)

may 4: working class feminists build anti-violence movement (cavendish theatre, 7pm)

may 5: five gauge market (pigeon park)

may 7: evaluating fair strategies and tactics (sfu harbour centre, 7pm)

for the rest of the schedule, call 682.3269 ext. 6261 or check out www.tao.ca/~mayworks

"PACKAGING IS EVERYTHING"

the latest of the many great exhibits at the tart gallery (1869 w. 4th—the "old" zulu location) opens on may 26 and continues until june 18. artists include manwaman, atomos (yay!), i, brainerater, the boy (yay!), pilar alvarez, valeria tellini, nicole steen, and many more.

ROOTS, RHYMES & RESISTANCE

organized by the filipino-canadian youth alliance/ugaynag ng kabataan, this will be a night of spoken word, poetry, and song at the western front (303 e. 8th). admission is by donation.

Dr. Didg

A New Music West
Didgeridoo Dance Party!
with guests

Fri. May 11th
The Starfish Room
1055 Homer St. Vancouver

Matt Chamberlain, Skerik, J. Bradley Houser & Mike Dillon

Critters

Buggin

ambient-electronic-stoner-jazz-rock-groove

Thur. May 17th

The Purple Onion

15 Water St. (Main room)

Vancouver

with Apes of Wrath

Fri. May 18th

The Showbox

1426 First Ave.

Seattle

with F.C.S. North

Charlie Hunter



The Blue Note
recording artist and
8 string guitar master is
back with his new
groove selective featuring
Chris Lovejoy on percussion,
Steven Chopek on drums,
and John Ellis on Sax
creating a jazz-funkified
melange of
dance floor grooves!

Wed. May 23rd
Richards on Richards
1036 Richards St. Vancouver

Steve Kimock Band



It is said that improvisation holds the key to the door of
imagination. Steve Kimock holds that key

Sat. May 26th

2Louies Ballroom

8732 Blaine Rd., Blaine WA

Sun. May 27th

Richards on Richards

1036 Richards St. Vancouver

Tix @ Black Swan, Highlife, Zulu and all Ticketmaster outlets/ charge by phone (604) 280 4444

Tix & More info. @ www.upstreamentertainment.com or call the Streamline @ (604) 904 4207

X-Ray Sounds and at Zulu

New Releases, Just Slightly Beneath the Surface...

DESTROYER Streethawk: A Seduction CD

Words are wasted waxing poetically about

DESTROYER. It's futile, pointless.

Our subject outclasses us in advance. **Ban Bejar's** poetic license lets him drive large trucks and taxicabs, even small airplanes. Imagine making dinner for Julia Childs—a hummingbird exercise, indeed! Sadly, our favorite troubled troubadour has recently switched locales, now digging into the rich bar life and history of lovely Montreal. A more suitable environment for **Bejar's** moody Spanish blood, perhaps? But we'll keep the porch light on, brother, just in case. In the meantime, however, we succumb to your sweet seduction: a tale of rock, roll, betrayal, and redemption.

CD 16.98

MODEST MOUSE Sad Sappy Sucker CD/LP

Some reflections on **MODEST MOUSE's** seminal materials now in issue. The bedroom recording revolution was not about a "knife in the ribs of the man" but rather about 4-track portastudios, rolling with tape hiss deep into the night! The light wasn't about who controlled the FM dial, it was about listening to friends' answering machines—and getting hisher song of the week! You know...Lo-fi communication theory. With this in mind, **perennial Zulu faves** **MODEST MOUSE** turn back the clock to their hours of old glory: those countless mid-'90s evenings spent duplicating a \$2.50 cassette master!

CD 16.98 LP 12.98

ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDO

A Man Under the Influence CD

After a six-year hiatus, **ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDO** returns to the studio to pen a new batch of elegant roots rockers. Joined by members of **Whiskeytown** and **Superchick**, the result is a gritty, honest and rewarding detour into **ESCOVEDO's** Austin, Texas universe—a landscape shaped by the eternal themes of loss, regret and redemption. Multi-dimensional, **ALEJANDRO's** songs unfold into sequined sheets of estranged beauty—something we suspect is well worth a look!

CD 16.98



MAD PROFESSOR Dubbing You Crazy CD

Hand-picking tracks from his vinyl-only **Dubbing You Crazy** series, **MAD PROFESSOR** hooks up with **Alan Moebe** (Creative Records) for this dunting dub collection released on London's taste-making Poptones label. For the novice, here's the perfect **PROFESSOR** starting point. For the seasoned fan, here are the standouts. For those somewhere in between, it's time to dub! Dub! Dub!

CD 19.98

TRICKY WOO Les Sables Magiques CD

Forget playful biting, sometimes you gotta set fire to the hand that feeds you. This time out, Montreal's **TRICKY WOO** hotwire **Ray's** abandoned 1974 Cadillac El Dorado and burn down the highway, listening to the same **Black Crowes/Belle 72** most tape over and over again, until blackest night his hazy of mornings. Yesterday is the new tomorrow. As **Spinal Tap Mark II** said, "We hope you like our new direction."

CD 16.98

THE FLASHING LIGHTS Sweet Release CD

Get this: Canadian pop has swooned the **Mojo** Magazine set, making it perilous for the first Britpop act. Hot on the heels of **The Heavy Blinkers**, **The Gutteries** and, dare we say, **The New Pornographers**, **THE FLASHING LIGHTS** are worth more than the Canadian dollar overseas! Uniform haircuts, corduroy jackets and vintage keys make this one **Sweet Release**!!

CD 16.98

ROTHKO In the Pulse of an Artery CD

Combining the dense ambient drifts of **Labradford** with the epic arrangements of **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**, this processed-bass trio is a stark anomaly on the burgeoning European ambient scene. Instantly identifiable, **ROTHKO's** instrumental low and rumblings begin with simple twips of sound, branching out through echoes and delay to approximate the chaos of a dense organic salvage. Come—allow the vines to consume...

CD 14.98 AVAILABLE MAY 4*



JOHN ZORN Love, Madness, and Mysticism CD

Look up prolific in the dictionary and **JOHN ZORN's** name will not be there. Clearly this is a great task of consideration on the part of dictionary makers everywhere. Similarly the term "avant garde" might need some revision as well. Please let this be our official petition to endorse those minor revisions in the architecture of common knowledge. In any case, this latest recording is a set of three new chamber pieces by **ZORN**. Thoughtful and intense compositions are complemented by thoughtful and intense performances. Attention **Zulu** trivia buffs: our **ZORN** section competes easily with the **Grateful Dead** for size.

CD 16.98 AVAILABLE MAY 1*

MOGwai Rock Action CD/LP

Building on the momentum of last year's epic **Come On Die Young**, Scotland's quiet/loud rockers return with their most accomplished record to date. Featuring the talents of various secret collaborators (**Bardo Pond** is certain), this new recording matches the brooding beauty hinted at on previous **MOGWAI** outings, while also establishing the band's song-writing voice. In all, the confident punter should tab **Rock Action** as an early contender for 2001 Top Fems., Enjoy! PS, these guys are rumored to be visiting Vancouver shortly, therefore it follows that familiarity with the suburbs is wise.

CD 19.98 LP 16.98

MOUSE ON MARS Idiocracy CD

Mouse on Mars has reached a jet-set proportions with its latest release. Building on the concept that "rocky" equates to "catchy," **Andi Toma** and **Jan Str. Werner** take things to a new abstraction with their own ideology. Bizarre reggae beats and strangely organic turns make this album more diverse than you'd expect, stealing your dance vibe to twitch your mental muscles for a change. Four corners identifiable, with a lot more "give 'er" than the recent instrumental re-release, the new German thinker/swissnet model music will make you go "hmm" and hum simultaneously. Someone said something about **Robert Wyatt's** **Schloß**—sounds being re-created, I refuse to confirm or deny that allegation...

CD 19.98 LP 16.98



AUTECHRE Confield CD/2LP

"It's very clever but what does it all mean?" asks the baffled or generation of music fans. Yeah, well, whatever **Autechre**—"the kids" know that **AUTECHRE** are still the cutting edge of fastidiously programmed post-tech. What do you mean care for your "meaning" when they can just lay back and lounge in all that lovely detail. For what it's worth, my mate Mike in London thinks **AUTECHRE** sound like the product of some futuristic neo-Medieval other world. He also thinks they're "the fuckin' bollocks, mate!"

CD/2LP 16.98

Various STAEITZISM II CD

It's pretty common for consumers to wander up to the **Zulu** listening post hoping to get down with the click'n-cutting edge of the European electronic scene. It's also pretty common for said punters to leave the store dazed and confused, ears aching from a baffling assault of meaningless noise. If this sounds like you, don't despair. Allow us to provide an effective gateway drug that will ease you into understanding the overwhelming pleasures of abstract electronics. The new compilation from **Stefan (Polo) Berke's**—scape label throws up nothing that would disrupt your average Krisianna dinner party, whilst providing enough detail to keep even the short haired electronics snobs happy. Gilch pop? Downtempo with attitude? Allow **Sad Rockets**, **Kitt Clayton** and **Jan Jelinek** to make things clear.

CD 19.98

THE CLIENTELE Suburban Light CD

Like lilac wine that makes one Lawless and heady, London's **CLIENTELE** offers the perfect distraction for those late afternoon of self-absorption. Imagine yourself, napped-out under the Old World country oaks, sun-kissed by the romantic scenery—your woolly sweater spotted with brambles and burrs. What could be more perfect? Hesitation and lust wage war under this canopy of wistful introspection, ephemeral as dream-authored halos. Oh, let's hope just wins out! Majestic pop, under the influence of **Galaxie 500**, **Belle and Sebastian** and **The Chills**. Recommended.

CD 19.98



OTHER MUSIC:

VARIOUS CLICKS AND CUTS VOL III 3CD/4LP
BARDO POND Dilated 20/2P
US MAPLE Acre Thrills 20LP
THE EX Dirty Spells CD
COUSTEAU s/t CD
THE MINDERS Golden Street CD
GORILLAZ s/t CD

PAULA FRASER (of Tarnation) Indoor Universe CD
OF MONTREAL Coquettish Asleep in the Poppies... CDLP
THINKING FELLERS UNION Bob Dinners and Larry Noodles... CDLP
SOPHIE B HAWKINS Timbre CD

all prices in effect until May 31, 2001

WHAT'S ON AT 1869 WEST 4TH AVENUE THIS MONTH! THE ZULU SATELLITE STORE

In addition to the thousands of used CDs already in stock, we've just added a fine selection of hundreds of great titles! If you haven't been by Zulu's former main address lately, stop by for a gander! Also, hundreds of used CDs have just been discounted to \$5.00, \$3.00, ...even \$1.00!



Viva Las Vegas runs 'til May 22

Next Show (opening May 26):
Packaging Is Everything



Zulu Records
1972 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 738.3232
www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS
Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:00
Sun 12:00-6:00